L-Gayton E-5 (1925-1930) 1948 NS29 Yokuts NS29

[P. 50d] Tubatulabal NS22

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Frank Manuel was born at Soto´tlo, a large village of about twenty families, on Deer Creek where both Bankalachi and Pitanisha (Tübatulabal) lived. His maternal grandfather, Čoxo´no, was a Pitanisha chief there. There were two other chiefs whose names F.M. does not re-

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[120] See Voegelin, Tübatulabal Ethnography, 19.

[121] Stone pipes occur in archaeological remains from the southern valley but were not used within the memory of informants; they may also have come by trade from the Chumash (see Kroeber, Handbook, 564).

[122] Gayton, Estudillo, 83.

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T. [P. 50 e] Tubatulabal NS22
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member.[125] His father (name "not recalled") was a chief's winatum: Dove was his lineage totem, Cougar his dream helper. He died when F.M. was about ten years old. F.M. says he too was a chief's winatum: he took Eagle as his family totem because of his chiefly descent on his mother's side, and Coyote was his dream helper. F.M.'s father had one sister who, he says, had no children. F.M.'s full brother was killed in "a big fight" at Kernville when the informant was about twelve years old. A half-brother, Esteban Miranda, who had a Pitanisha

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[125] This informant was one of the few who observed name tabus on the dead.

i [i.e. Frank Manuel. - Analyst]

T Y [P. 519] Tubatulabal 1329

159 father and is older than F.M., now lives up at Onyx.[126]

T Y 756 Mayemai, the shaman, lived at Sototlo; there was another one whose name is not recalled. Poi''in, the shaman mother of Watisti, was a Bankalachi.

T Y 221 The village broke up during the summer, the families combining in groups of twos and threes for summer camps in the mountains. Little circular brush corrals were built for shelter. They remained out one or two months while the women gathered seeds.

T Y 621 131 When F.M. was about eighteen years old they moved up to Tule and later, with others, to the present reservation.

F.M. named a few sites, the location of which I was unable fully to determine. Sototlo village, on Deer Creek, he locates six miles south of Tule River junction, which places both it and another Bankalachi village, Čena''wa in Bokninuwad territory if we follow Kroeber's map.[127] Another village, 'n^wao, was east of Čena''wa. Tonočim (transvestite) is the name of a little hill just above F.M's house on the present Tule River Reservation. The rock quarry, near the Monachi Golf Club, is at a spot called Toi'yo, which F.M. says refers to eagles' nests that were there. The first reservation, called Tule by all the Indians who refer to it, was at what is now Houghton's Corner on the eastern outskirts of Porterville.

STRUCTURES

T Y 342 Houses at Sototlo were conical, never gabled. There was no ring at the apex, as in conical houses farther north: the smoke "just went out where the brush came together at the top." When tule (pu'muk) was obtainable, sewn mats for covering were made of it. Usually large grasslike "brush" called kana's^ts was twined into mats some 3 to 4 feet long and about 3 feet deep: the rows of twining were about 12 inches apart. It took six to eight mats to cover a house. The fire was in the center; the fireplace had no special name. The "brush" house was called ya'w^l ti''i; that covered with tule, pumuk ţi''i.[128]

T Y [354] T Y 343 The sweat house was a single-post affair. The earth was excavated for about two feet. No side walls were attempted.[129] The radiating roof poles were tied to the top of the center pole. After interstices were filled with "brush," earth was thrown over all. There was

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[126] See Voegelin, 7.

[127] Handbook, pl. 47. F.M. claimed ignorance of any people called Bokninuwad.

[128] This informant, like most dwellers at the Tule River Reservation, speaks Yauelmani.

[129] Cf. neighboring southern California sweat houses (Kroeber, Handbook, pls. 56 and 60).

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

The Yokuts made pilgrim-
ages there for the purpose of gathering asphaltum for mending and waterproofing their equipment. . The Indian children used it for chewing gum.

East of the city of Coalinga there is an old Mexican settlement which, since an early period in the Spanish settlement of California, has been known as the *Poso Chaná*. Several different derivations and meanings have been suggested concerning this name.

While questioning an old Spaniard who was visiting relatives in upper Antelope Valley in northwestern Kern County, I asked, "What is the meaning of *Chaná?*" The answer was direct and definite. "It is the name of the tribe of Indians which lived there before the coming of the Spaniards." This man was Mr. Theodore Larios, who was born in the little village of San Juan Bautista in 1860 and whose grandfather had charge of more than a thousand Indians while the mission at that place was being built.

After the mission was completed the elder Larios assisted in removing the Indians from the west side of the San Joaquin Valley and remembered distinctly having taken the Indians from the village of *Udjiu* (Ood'-ge-oo) which was settled at that time by the Spaniards and re-named by them after the people who were being removed, the Chaná Indian tribe. The water hole at that place led to the Spanish name Poso, or water hole, and was also an inducement to the Spanish to settle there.

During November of 1930 I obtained from *Pahmit*, an old *Dumna* Indian of Friant on the San Joaquin River, the name of the tribe which occupied the San Joaquin River below the *Pitkachi* and around the towns of Mendota and Firebaugh. According to his statement the tribe was known as the *Kahwatch'-wah*, meaning Grass Nut People. Pahmit furnished the only first-hand information I have obtained about the Indians of the West Side between Panoche and Romero Creeks, a distance of about thirty miles. As all other data gathered from him has proved accurate, we will read his story. I have corrected some of his broken English:

"When I was boy one strange Indian came to live with my father. He was 'bout fifty years old. I was 'bout ten. We call that Indian *Tukwhel* (Toó-kwheel). That means West. We call him that because he came from the West. His right name was *So-pah'-no*. He was born at an Indian village on Los

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Baños Creek. When we sit around our camp-fire he tells us lots stories 'bout his people.

"When I 'bout twenty-five years old I drive ten mules freight team to Stockton. I do that 'bout ten years. I go two or three times with mules freight team to Gilroy after freight. That way we go over Pacheco Pass. That time Pacheco Pass was bad road. We hate to drive mules team over that road. When Sopahno real old man he go with me lots times on them trips. He cook and help me harness mules. He tell me all 'bout West Side and 'bout his people there.

"One night we camp at Los Baños Creek, where old freight road cross. We camp early, so Sopahno take me down to old village place where he born. He show me where his father used to live. He tell me all 'bout his people.

"Sopahno said his tribe name was Ka-watch'-wah. They live on west side of San Joaquin River, from below Firebaugh 'bout five miles down to north Los Baños town, north where San Luis Creek runs into San Joaquin River. They live too in the west hills all along from Panoche to north of San Luis Ranch. San Luis Creek all belong to Kahwatchwa. Their home villages both on Los Baños Creek, one at hills and one at San Joaquin River.

"Sopahno's village, *Kah-to'-mah*, was 'bout two hundred yards from San Joaquin River [here Pahmit undoubtedly meant one of the sloughs west of the river] on south bank Los Baños Creek. We walk down there from our camp on old freight road in 'bout ten minutes. He show me his father's house. It was big hole in ground, lots bigger than our houses up at *Kuyu Illik* (Koo-yoo Ill-ik). We sit on side Sopahno's old home and he tell me how Spanish take him to Mission San Juan when he just 'bout twelve-fifteen years old.

"One morning early they all asleep when they hear big noise, lots shoot, lots yell. Lots Indian run away in tules. Spanish shoot, kill lots Indian men, women. They kill Sopahno's father. His mother run away in tules. Spanish take 'bout twenty-thirty Indian boys and girls.

"Sopahno stay at Mission San Juan 'bout twenty years. Then the priests tell Indian, 'You all go away from Mission. You all go back your homes.' Then all Indian go away from San Juan.

"Sopahno come back to his old home. There's nobody there. Indian all gone, Indian house all burned long ago. He

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 go horseback. He go up Los Baños Creek to hills. He go up river 'bout fifteen miles. There's no Indian anywhere. He go cross Fish Slough to California Ranch and see some Indian spear salmon in San Joaquin River. He talk to them Indian. They talk almost like his old mother and father. He understand everything they say. He tell them everything. He talk to my father. My father say, 'You come to our rancheria, live with us.' He live with us 'til he was old man, 'bout eighty-five maybe ninety years old. He die 'bout three days after first train go across railroad bridge on San Joaquin River. We all go down see that first train go across that bridge. When Sopahno see that he say, 'Now, I see everything. Now I'm gonna die.' And he did die after 'bout three days.

101 159 103 "When we go Gilroy, Sopahno tell me more Kahwatchwah names. They call Indian tribe to north *Ho-no-um'-ne*. Indian to south they called *Tucuyu*. They go from Kawatchwah south to *Apeche* (Ah-pe'-che) 'bout old Casa Blanca where Tranquality now. One their villages, name *Kahwahchu* [meaning [361] Grass Nut Place] was right where they had that Mexican town, Las Juntas, just where Fish Slough and San Joaquin River go together. White people put big dam there in San Joaquin River.

[161] 159 769 "When I little boy there just few them people left, maybe two, maybe three, live at Millerton with my people. Once, when I 'bout six, seven years old they want to go back to Kahwahchu to have one more big dance for dead people. They go. 'Bout fifteen, twenty our people go. My grandpa, Tomkit, he chief with Dumnas, he go. He help 'em make dance.. I go too.

"Old Chief Tucuyu, he go too. He been chief with that Tucuyu tribe before he go to missions. He want to see his old place once more. He live in mountains south of Bakersfield. He got place there he call Tucuyu too. When he go there from missions, he name it after his old people south Las Juntas.

[648] "We stay there one week and have dance for dead people. Mexicans there make trouble for us. They 'fraid we gonna maybe steal cattle, maybe hurt somebody. So we never go back again. Tucuyu big people once. They talk just like my 159 people. Once used to be Kahwatchwah village at San Luis 361 Ranch, where we stop all night when we drivin' mules freight team. It by San Luis ranch house. They call it *Hah-no'-mah*. Pacheco Pass they call *Lees-na'-yah*. One night we stop our mules team at Salt Slough [due east of the present town of

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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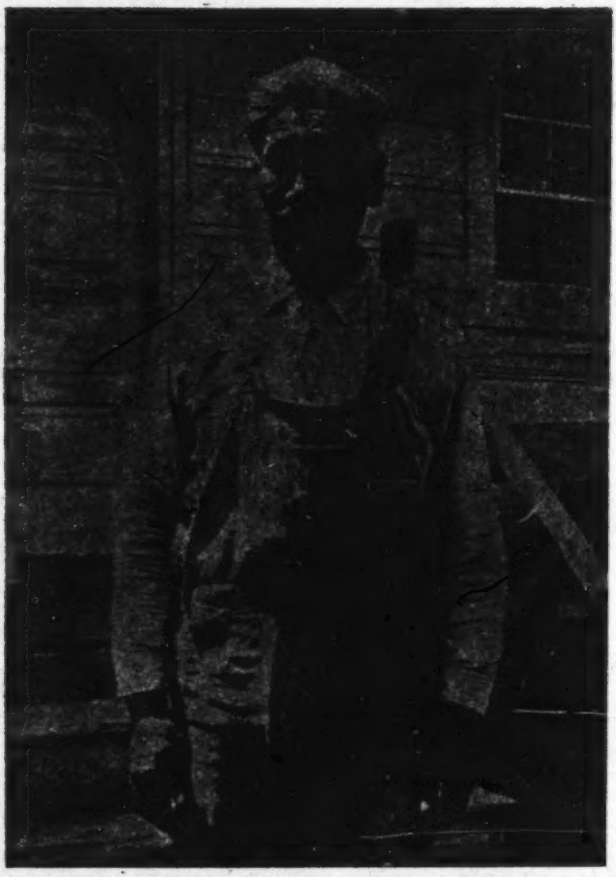

This man was living at San Benito in 1925. When a young girl his grandmother had been taken from a village in the tules east of present Los Banos and kept at Mission San Juan Bautista. He is probably not a full-blood, but has interesting features.

Gustine]. There had been big Indian village there. We saw lots big holes in ground where Indian got their houses. Sopahno tell me he was there to big *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis) [mourning dance for the dead] when he was small boy. He call that village *Hah-kah'-wahl.* He said it was Honoumne village.

"Sopahno's old-time stories were just like ours—how Eagle make the world, how Antelope make the milky way, and 159 773

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 how the Kahwatchwah got fire. He told me lots more things
773 'bout his people, but I guess I forget 'em. It's too long ago."

During November and December of 1815, Sergeant Jose
175 Dolores Pico made an excursion into the Joaquin after Indians who had run many horses away from Mission San Juan Bautista. In his diary-report covering this expedition, Pico mentioned several Indian names which may be the names of Indian tribes, of villages, or of headmen of villages.

Pico stated that his party traveled easterly from San Luis Gonzaga, which is located definitely enough to be positively identified as present San Luis Gonzaga Rancho Headquarters at the east mouth of Pacheo Pass. Leaving San Luis in the evening and traveling eastwardly, the party arrived about midnight "at the creek called San Jose."

At first thought one might decide that the San Jose Creek mentioned would be the well known Sanjon de San Jose in the vicinity of San Jose School, Kings County. But between evening and midnight they could not possibly have traveled that far, a distance of seventy-five miles, airline, and at least ninety miles by known trails. The nearest point on that channel, now known as Fish Slough, southeast of Mendota, is fifty miles airline from San Luis, and about sixty-five miles by the old trail.

Pico's party certainly did not travel at more than five miles an hour, or at most, twenty-five miles between seven P. M. and midnight. This would have taken them to about the present Santa Rita Rancho, directly east from San Luis. They probably traveled at a rate of about three miles an hour. One can be certain that at midnight they were somewhere between San Luis Camp (seven miles north of present Los Baños) and present Dos Palos.

The Pico force rested from midnight until "time to fall upon the rancherie of the *Che neches.*" The name used could have been that of the local chief, the tribe, or the village. One would suppose it was the name of the tribe, but experience has taught that the name of the tribe was seldom obtained by such parties. Most often they designated villages and even tribes by the name of the local Headman, who was well known to them and who was on their "must" list.

Four leagues away (anywhere from nine to fifteen miles, according to the accuracy with which such expeditions estimated distance) was a "rancherie called *Nopchendies.*" The

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

796 statements. The first one was taken from Ichow, who, when he passed away in 1937, was the last chief of the Wukchumne:

796 "When I was about eight years old I go to Dunlap with
● 159 my mother to see her father, *Chechin*. He was rattlesnake
756 doctor. When we get there, them Indians have big rattlesnake dance. My grandpa, Chechin, he was big man in that dance. I saw all of it.

"Chechin and one Dunlap rattlesnake doctor put on that whole dance. The night before that dance I have to sleep with Chechin. He hang his basket with rattlesnake in on wall over our bed. I have to sleep next that wall. I don't like that. In night rattlesnake wake up and rattle little bit. Then I wake up quick. I think, 'He's comin' out.' So I poke Chechin with my elbow and tell him, 'Grandpa, that rattlesnake he's rattlin'. I think he's comin' out.' But Chechin he say, 'He just dreamin'. He dream he see something. He no wake. He sleep. He no comin' out.'

"I listen long time. I don't hear any more rattlin'. But I don't sleep much more that night. After that I sleep some place else. I think I not gonna be rattlesnake doctor.

"Them rattlesnake doctors do that dance to make money. Them people pay them doctors so they won't get bit by rattlesnake that summer. Them doctors dig two holes in ground. They then put baskets in hole. They call them baskets *Tawits* (Tay'-wits). They put soft eagle feathers in baskets. They put snakes on feathers. They sit beside that basket with legs crossed. They put *Chapet* (flat basket tray) beside them.

"Sometimes them doctors take snake out of basket, hold snake in hands and dance around among them people. Then they put snake back in Tawits. People dance around in circle and stop, put bare foot in Tawits over rattlesnake. If snake no bite they throw money in Tawits, or on Chapet. Some put ten cents, some two bits, some fifty cents; some one dollar. Then
[151] they don't get bit until next spring, when they have 'nother rattlesnake dance just before them rattlesnakes come out."

Pohut, a Wukchumne who lived his entire life about Lemon Cove and Woodlake, attended several rattlesnake dances, including the last one held. He knew more details of the ceremony, including the manner of catching the snakes and handling them. His story follows:

"I help my grandfather, Chechin, [Pohut was a first cousin to Ichow.] catch his rattlesnake when we go to that

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 796 756

Porterville rattlesnake dance. I 'bout twelve years old. Grandfather put some soft eagle-down feathers in two *chawmish* blackberry gathering baskets and we go to rock pile near Lemon Cove where snakes live.

"Grandfather whistle low and sing rattlesnake song. That call snakes out of rock pile. He put chapet, flat basketry tray, on ground. He put some fine eagle-down on chapet. Them rattlesnakes come out one by one and crawl to that chapet. Chechin let 'bout three snakes go away. Then he see one snake he want. That snake try to run away.

"Chechin got long pole. He tease that snake with that pole. He walk 'round and 'round that snake. That snake coil. Chechin keep teasin' that snake. All the time he sing and talk and whistle low. Then that snake twist up in knot. Chechin put that chapet over it. He keep talkin' and whistlin'. He call me.

"I come with the *chawmish*. Chechin put his hand under that snake and lift it up and put it in chawmish. Then he send me to house with snake.

"When I left, Chechin caught 'nother snake and put it in other chawmish. Then we go back to camp, Chechin tie some strings across top my chawmish and carry it up in high oak tree. He hang chawmish from limb. He want use that snake when he come back from Porterville. But when he came back he see that oak limb he's dry. He said, 'Well, I guess my snake he kill that limb and get out.' Sure enough, that snake he's gone. But Chechin track that snake across sand flat to rock pile and call it again. When that snake come out Chechin talk to it and say, 'You don't want to see them people, so you can go'.

"Next day after we catch them snakes we go to Porterville Indian Reservation. We go up Yokohl Valley and across Frazer Valley to Tule River where they got that Monache Indian Reservation. I ride horseback and carry one snake in basket on horn my saddle. Chechin rode 'nother horse and carry 'other snake. There about six *Trudum* (Troo-doom) snake doctors at that dance. They dig holes in a row and put *Tawits* (baskets) in them. Then they put them snakes on down-feathers in them Tawits. They put chapet over them Tawits.

"Each Trudum hire about two *Udkukut* (Uh-duh'-kut) singers and dancers. Them Uhdukut like clowns at your circus. They do everything wrong. They make lots trouble for them Trudum and cost them lots money. [522]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 756 796 "When we go to them tawits I go with my chawmish snake basket. Chechin go 'head. He take step to one side, then step to other side in time with them Uhdukut singin' and dancin'. Them other snake doctors do same thing. Then Chechin take snake out my chawmish basket. He hold left hand under snake's head, hold front of snake's body along left forearm. He hold middle of snake with right hand and rest of snake on his right arm.

"Each Trudum dance 'round with his snake. His relation dance 'round behind him. All time them Uhdukut singin' and dancin' one-step dance.

"While them Uhdukut singin' and dancin', them people go in circle in front of them Trudum snake doctors. They hold one bare foot down over them snakes. Then they throw Indian shell money, or white man silver money in Tawits with snakes. Some Tawits got more beads and money than snake. People [751] take their children through circle, too, so they don't get snake-bit that summer.

[522] "Them Uhdukut got one clown doctor called *Kiyu* (Ki'-yoo, Coyote). Everybody call for Kiyu. Kiyu was Indian named *Sahlahpun*, from Tule River. Kiyu pick out bad snake and tease it. Pretty soon that snake get mad. He strike Kiyu 159 on back his hand. Then them Trudum snake doctors try to 755 save him. They pay him lots money, 'bout fifty dollars for that 796 job. They rub ashes on him. Then they cut where that snake bite and suck on it through wood pipe made from elderberry limb. They take out bad blood, green things, maybe squirrel bone, or hair. Then Kiyu get well.

159 'It's Kiyu's business to make lots of fun, too. He run 756 'round and get in them Uhdukuk, snake doctor's way. He do 796 that at every place I see that rattlesnake dance, Porterville, 522 Dunlap, Centerville.

"Sometimes them Kiyu got bad luck. Once *Puslilin*, 159 (Poos-lill'-in) from Squaw Valley, was Kiyu at dance at Dun- 756 lap. He tease big snake. Chechin tell him, 'Better you take 796 little one'. But Puslilin want big one. Then Chechin take 777 Puslilin away and talk to him. He tell Puslilin he see buzzard kill squirrel. That sure to mean real bad luck for somebody. That buzzard catch live squirrel and carry it high up in air and drop it. It fall on Puslilin's bed. Then that buzzard come down to eat that squirrel. But it on Puslilin's bed, so he 'fraid to take it. He go away. That's sure real bad luck for Puslilin.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

"But Puslilin already got one hundred dollars silver pay, so he go 'head anyway. Them Uhdukut snake doctors got to pay Puslilin that money. It take almost all money them doctors got from doctorin' them people. But they got to pay him anyway to show they can sure cure snake bite. Chechin tell Puslilin, 'Well, you goin'to die tonight'. Puslilin squeeze that snake head and throw it on the ground. It strike him on both hands. Then that Uhdukut take his snake and put it back in his Tawits basket. Then Puslilin fall down.

"Two Uhdukut doctors take Puslilin to his bed where that squirrel fall. They begin to doctor him. They work on him all night. They tie one *pisasin*, eagle down string, around each arm below his shoulder. Then doctors have all them people yell so Puslilin can't go to sleep and die. About sun-up Puslilin get better, so all them people stop yellin'. But Puslilin lost one finger that rattlesnake bit."

Tawpnaw, an aged Wukchumne, saw six rattlesnake dances. His story verifies those of Ichow and Pohut and adds a few details which are related below:

"When them Wukchumne snake doctors get ready for that rattlesnake dance they paint their faces. They paint white and red stripes across faces. They put three red and three white stripes on each cheek. Some tribe doctors paint stripes across arms, chest, too.

"When that dance all over, them people don't get snake-bit all summer. If Indian man hunt deer, rattlesnake won't bite him. If Indian woman gather seeds, rattlesnake won't bite 'em. If rattlesnake do bite 'em, them Indian snake doctor got to cure 'em free.

"Them Indian snake doctors keep snakes in *awsuh* [bottle-necked stitched baskets]. When they first catch snakes they put 'em in chawmish [blackberry gathering twined basket]. I see that all time. I know that's right."

As this manuscript is being completed there is one Yokuts man living who attended the rattlesnake dances and who remembers how they were conducted. He is *Wahumchah*, a Yowlumne. He adds to the foregoing descriptions the rattlesnake doctor's song. This song is about a rattlesnake who is crawling on the ground and looking up at a magpie nest in a tree. He wants to eat the young birds in the nest, but he cannot climb the tree. Wahumchah has explained that the Yokuts songs do not have the same words as the rest of the language.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

CHAPTER XIII

INDIAN STATEMENTS

PAHMIT'S STORY

Almost all of the material in the preceding sketches concerning San Joaquin Valley Indians has been taken from statements made by aged Yokuts Indians, or by aged white pioneers who settled among the Yokuts before they were disturbed by white people. To present an intimate picture of the Yokuts it is best to include a few stories just as they were related to me by aged Indians.

The following self-explanatory statement was taken from Pahmit in 1928:

I born *Kuyu* (Koo'-you) *Illik*, long time 'go. Kuyu Illik [Sulphur Water] Indian village bank river white man call San Joaquin. Village at place white man call Fort Miller where soldiers march.

My people belong *Dumna* (Doom'-nah) tribe Indian. I don't know how much old me. White man say I more than hundred. I know when soldiers, Major Savage come Kuyu Illik make Indian sign paper, [1851], I young man 'bout twenty-one, twenty-two years old.

My people live happy 'till soldiers come. We have plenty eat. We have nice dry houses live in. We don't fight. Lots our people live along river above Kuyu Illik. Lots antelope, lots elk, lots wild horses come river, drink below Kuyu Illik where Friant now.

My grandpa, *Tom'-kit*, chief all Indian tribe 'round Kuyu Illik. We want meat; he send two, three Indian; good shot with bow, arrow, get it. They hide in rocks by river, wait antelope, elk. Antelope come. They shoot six, eight nice fat ones. They shoot one each house Kuyu Illik. They let rest run 'way. We have all meat we want. When white man come, he shoot, shoot, shoot. Kill all antelope. Kill all elk. Then he bring cattle, make Indian buy beef.

When Indian get hungry, he go with gun shoot some quail, maybe cotton tail, maybe dove. White man 'rest him, put in jail. Now my people no keep gun. They no have rifle; they no have shotgun in house. When my people shoot, white man 'rest him.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 657 [461] Now white man at Washington pay me seven dollar haf, live one month. I can't do that. My people work; my boy work; all my grand-children work all summer; pick grapes; pick peaches; shear sheep. They no make 'nuf money live all winter. 'Fore Major Savage come, we eat plenty.

159 173 648 First white man I see come mine gold in river. They cut tree; split log; make long box; make dam in river. We watch 'em. We don't know what they do. Then river come high; wash 'em all 'way. Pretty soon two white men come make boat on river take white man across water. Then lots white man come mine gold.

After 'wile soldiers come, make big wood house for fight. They all got gun. They catch lots Indian. Some Indian get 'way. *Mokes* (women), children run 'way, sleep in mountain under rock, brush. My grandpa, Tomkit, tell soldiers, 'Put away gun; my people come in; they no like gun'.

Soldiers catch lots Indian man, boy. They make Indian man, boy stay place where they make wood house for fight. Soldier don't make wood house. Indian make 'em. Soldier make Indian cut trees, chop logs; give 'em saw; give 'em axe; make 'em chop, chop, chop; build big wood house for fight. White soldier call big wood house Camp Barbour. Sometimes Indian don't want work. Soldiers *make* 'em work. Soldier take long black snake mules' whip. They whip Indian on back. They whip, whip, whip. Two, three Indian die—whip 'em too much.

After big wood house done, soldier come with big man from Washington, sign paper with Indian. One time before Indian sign paper with white man, Major Savage come Kuyu Illik. He come horse back. He have blue clothes. He have six, seven men. They all have blue clothes. They all got gun; they all soldier. Major Savage he talk my grandpa, Tomkit. He tell him big father at Washington send him see Indians. He say we haf bring all Indian chief here talk big man from Washington. He say we haf bring all *Choinimne* Indian chief; we haf bring all *Nutunutu* Indian chief; we haf bring all *Chauchile* Indian Chief; we haf bring all Indian chief; fifty, sixty chief, Kuyu Illik, talk big man from Washington. Major Savage say Indian talk little bit. We know what he say all-right. My grandpa, Tomkit, talk rest our chief. They think that's bad business.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Then Tomkit talk Major Savage. He tell him, "It's summer now; it's hot; it's long way Kuyu Illik, Kings River, where Choinimne live; it long way Nutununtu Indian; lony way Chauchile Indian; long way *Kahwatchwah* Indian. Take long time see all them Indian. I think maybe take my men three, four weeks see 'em. They run long way; they sweat lots. Why you want us do this? What they gonna do that paper we got sign?"

I hear all this. Tomkit say, "You be next chief, Pahmit. You hear what white man say."

Then Major Savage he tell Tomkit. Major Savage, he say, "I big medicine man with big father at Washington. You haf do what I say. I hurt you if I want to. I make all your people die. I make all fish go out river. I make all antelope, all elk go 'way. I make dark. You do what I say, nothing hurt you. But you no hurt me. You shoot me with bow, arrow, I live. I do all thing I tell you 'bout. You shoot me with pistol, you no hurt me."

Major Savage have nice six shooter. My people never see six shooter before. They see rifle; they see pistol. One, two my people know how shoot 'em.

Major Savage put white handkerchief side oak tree. He load six shooter one, two, three, six bullet. He put powder; he put paper; he put bullet; he stand close tree. He shoot handkerchief, one, two, three, six time. Every time he make hole in handkerchief.

My people all stand 'round close, see. Major Savage load six shooter 'gen. We see him put powder, paper, bullet. Then he give our man. "Now, you shoot me. You shoot me; you no hurt me. You no kill me. Don't you 'fraid. You go 'head, shoot; you no kill me." Then he stand close our man. Our man shoot, bang! Then Major Savage he grab in air with his hand. He don't fall down. Our people look each other. They say he big medicine man. Then our man shoot 'gen. He shoot six time. Major Savage, he grab in air six time. Our people all come close, look. Then Major Savage hold out hand, open it. We see six bullet our man shoot. Major Savage catch 'em all his hand.

My grandpa, Tomkit, he see that. He b'lieve 'em. I see that. I b'lieve 'em, too. All my people see that. They all think Major Savage big medicine man. They all think they better do what he say.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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Then Major Savage he talk. He tell us, "Now you do what I say. You bring chief all Indian tribe here. You bring 'em here ten days now. You bring two Indian each tribe. You bring one chief; you bring one *moke* for me. I want one wife each Indian tribe."

My grandpa, Tomkit, he send men bring all Indian chief; tell all Indian chief bring one Indian wife Major Savage. Indian chief all come Kuyu Illik. They bring Indian wife Major Savage. I think they bring seventeen. I think some run 'way. I think seven stay work for Major Savage.

After all chief come Kuyu Illik, one, maybe two days, big man from Washington come with paper. Lots 'em come. I think they fifteen, maybe twenty horse-back soldier. They three soldier on four horses wagon. They stop wagon Kuyu Illik on big open place south my grandpa's house. All Indian crowd 'round, look. All chief set 'round on ground.

Some soldier take three big box out wagon. They put 'em in open place, each one up top. Then Indian get on top, way up high. He talk our people. That Indian belong our people long time 'go. When he little boy, Spanish preacher take him Mission at San Juan. At San Juan he learn read, write, talk like white man. Big white chief call him Charlie. Our people call him *Yo'-ho*. White chief talk him. Then Yoho talk us long time. He talk, 'n talk, 'n talk. He turn 'round, 'n 'round, 'n 'round on box. My people all hear him. He say we got give big Father at Washington all our land. We got go down valley, live. He say big white Father at Washington send us clothes; send us flour, send us blanket, send us horse. He say big white Father send us teacher, so our people go school like white man.

Our people no like that. They think all right send things. They no like go down valley. No acorn there; too many Indian there. They think have fight with Indian there. My grandpa, Tomkit tell Yoho. Yoho talk long time big white chief.

Then Major Savage he go wagon. He bring whisky; he bring tobacco. He tell all Indian set down, they gonna smoke. Major Savage fill tobacco pipe. He make one puff, he give pipe Indian. All Indian make one puff. All white chief make one puff.

Then Major Savage give 'em lots whisky. Then Yoho talk long time 'gen. Our chief all set 'round, listen. Then they make sign mark on piece paper. *Co-toom'-se*, chief with *Chuck-*

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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[142]

Pahmit in 1929, aged about 100 years, by the wall of the old stone guardhouse at Fort Miller. Pahmit helped to build this wall about 1854.

chan'-se. He sign 'em. My father, *Dawk-taw,* he chief with Dumna tribe Indians. Some people call him *Tap'-pah.* He sign 'em. My uncle, To'-mas, he chief *Kit-cha'-ye* tribe. He sign 'em. Lots Indians sign 'em. Take long time. Then white chief go 'way.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 Major Savage go 'way. He go Kings River. White man
173 there shoot Major Savage like our man shoot 'im. Major Sav-
648 age he die. Ha! Ha! Why he no catch 'em bullets?

Then white man come; they mine gold in river. They shoot Indian. Soldier put Indian in jail; they whip Indian. They run all Indian 'way from village Kuyu Illik. They burn all Indian house.

They smooth ground where Indian house burn. They play music there. Blue clothes soldier march, march, march there. They make Indian dig dirt, mix mud; make adobe brick; make white soldier big house. White men call big house Fort Miller. They take Indian by tree over river. They hang 'em there; they cut rope and dead Indian fall in river. My grandpa, Tomkit, he tell white soldier, "You better look out." He tell white miner, "You better look out. Indian spirits no like you do this. Pretty soon bad things happen you."

Then high water come wash 'way all white man's store; wash 'way lots white man; wash 'way lots, lots Chinaman. Then pretty soon white soldiers all go away. My people think Indian spirit make 'em go. They glad. They dance. They
[165] sing. Not many Indian left. Lots Indian die whisky; lots Indian die bad white man sickness. Just few Indian left. Indian live Kuyu Illik 'gen. White miner still whip Indian; still shoot Indian.

Then by 'n by, white man all talk fight. They say long way off, white man shoot white man. Lots white man go long way off, fight. Then white soldier come back Fort Miller. This time white soldier pretty good man; they no shoot Indian, they no whip Indian too much. Some Indian work for white soldier; white soldier give 'em flour, give 'em tobacco, but Indian pretty near all gone. White soldier stay this time maybe three, maybe four years. Then all go 'way. I never see no more white soldier.

159 My father, Dawktaw, gone. My grandpa, Tomkit, gone. My uncle, Tomas, gone. I big chief now, but no got Indian tribe. Just me; just my sister left. My sister got one boy, got one girl. I blind; I no see. I no see maybe ten, fifteen year. I got one boy; he got three, four, baby. We work hard, we don't have 'nough eat. Big Father at Washington no send flour; no send horse; no send clothes; no send blanket, like white chief say when Indian sign paper at Kuyu Illik.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

My people no drink whisky, I think be lots Indian yet. I drink just once. I work for white man. He put me in wagon. He take me home. He tell me, "Pahmit, whisky no good. Whisky kill white man. Whisky kill Indian. You no drink 'em." White man good my friend. I live long time. Pretty soon I go. Then white man no haf pay me seven dollar haf, live one month.

YOIMUT'S STORY
THE LAST CHUNUT

Of the several thousand pioneers I have interviewed, no one was more fascinating than *Yoimut* (Yoi'-mut), last survivor of the *Chunut* Yokuts tribe which once occupied the northeast shore of Tulare Lake. It is of interest to know how I found Yoimut.

One evening I was at the Loy Cutler ranch east of Visalia, talking with Indian Joe Wilcox, making inquiry about the individuals who had been the last survivors of several extinct San Joaquin Valley Indian tribes. Joe had known several last survivors, those from the *Kaweah, Yokodo, Telumne, Pahdwishi, Wowol,* and *Yaudanchi* tribes. I asked him about the Chunut. For a moment or two he was at a loss to recollect. Suddenly remembering, he spoke, "There is one Chunut left. Her daughter was here last night. She is at the W. H. Wilbur ranch, near Tulare."

It was then 10:30 P.M., December 1, 1930. I immediately drove to the Wilbur ranch. Billy Wilbur had not gone to bed, so he climbed in the car with me and at 11:30 we were in the cotton camp in the Wilbur field. Soon we had awakened everyone at the camp. Yoimut's daughter and son-in-law talked with us in the kitchen. Yoimut stood silent in a doorway. I explained who I was and that I wanted Yoimut to go with me to our home for a visit, so I could record her story. I expected it to take at least two or three days to persuade her to go.

No one spoke. The daughter looked inquiringly at Yoimut. Yoimut then addressed me in as good English as I could ask and said, "Yes, we know all about you. Our people tell us all about the questions you ask them. Lots of times I tell them what to tell you. I like to tell my story myself. I will go with you tomorrow."

And so Yoimut came. From the first she was as interested and interesting as it is possible for a person to be. She had a

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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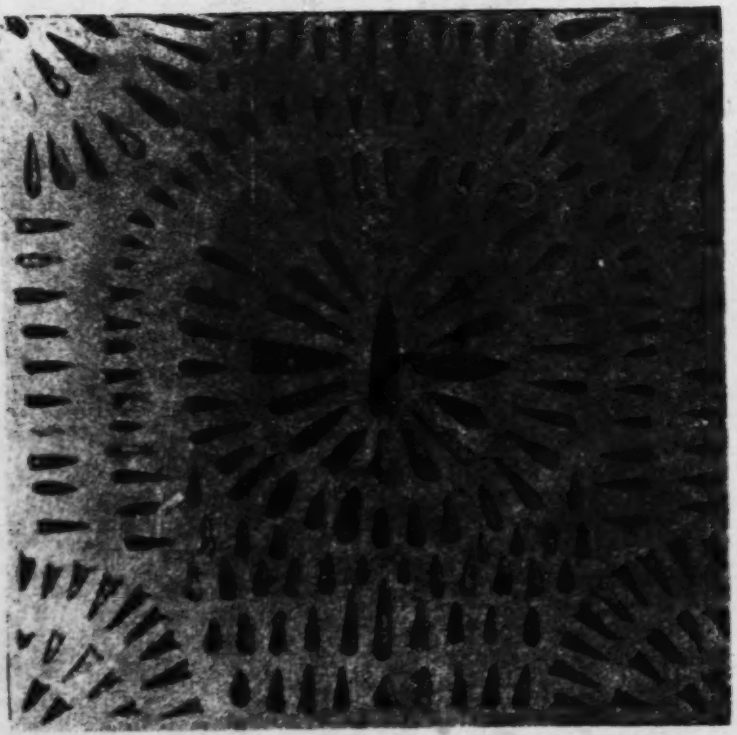

Above are shown typical Yokuts arrow and spear points, chipped from chalcedony and obsidian. They are from a burial mound about two miles north of Tupman in the range of the Tubohi Yokuts.

quick, accurate understanding and was able to furnish 3000 words for an English-Chunut dictionary in less time than I had ever collected one before, covering two dialects at the same time, the Chunut of her father and the Wowol of her mother. She could read, write and speak Spanish and English, as well as talk six Yokuts dialects.

Interesting as is Yoimut's story, there is room here for only a portion of it, presented in the following eight sketches, the original language of which has been changed very little:

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I was born at the old *Telumne* (Tay'-lum-ne) village of *Watol Shulul* (Wa'-tot Shoo-lool) just northwest of the old

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

sugar factory about a mile south-east of Visalia. This was the real old Telumne head village. When I was a little girl there I knew the last chief of that tribe. His name was *Nahalets* (Nah-ha'-leets). White people called him Joaquin. His wife was *Hawtulu* (Haw-too'-loo, meaning Hoot-owl). They were the head people there when I was born.

My father's name was *Po'-kah-sah'*. He was born at the old Chunut village called *Mih-ka'-et* just south of the mouth of Tule River. I believe the white people call that place Turnbull. It was about a mile above the old Turnbull house. At Mihkaet my people used to surround antelope and kill them. We call them *suey'-yohl*. My father died when I was about six years old, but my mother showed me the place two or three times.

My mother was *Te-ta-we'-cot*. She was born at the old Wowol village of *Chawlawin* on Atwell Island where Alpaugh is now. *Wocoiyu* (Wo-coi'-you), my mother's father, was chief of the *Wowol* tribe. When he died his oldest brother was chief. This brother's name was *Teh-nih'-pahs*. After I was grown he died at *Sulawlahne* (Soo-law-lah'-ne), the "Fish" Rice Rancheria, four miles south of Farmersville. I learned much about my old-time people from him. He was my good uncle.

When I was a little girl at Watot Shulul there was a big log fence around the old house at the Blankenship ranch just southeast of us. They were afraid of the Indians. We used to laugh at this, for we used to work for the Blankenships and we knew our people would never hurt them.

There was a young Indian girl working for Mrs. Blankenship. Once they could not find her. They looked for a long time. They found her dead and covered up with dirt and leaves. Some of our people saw a white man take her from where she was washing. We were afraid to say anything about it. He was bad man. He killed lots of Indians and he would have killed us if we had told Mr. Blankenship. We have always been sure that the white man killed her.

I have heard my mother and lots of other Indians tell about the log fence in Visalia, too, but I never saw it. The white people built it because they were afraid of the Indians. It was torn down before I was old enough to remember.

When I was about seven years old the Indians all got sick at Watot Shulul. Lots of them died. They had measles. The Telumne tribe was all broken up. The chief, Nahalets, died

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 and all of the Indians left the place. This was just after the
164 big water that the white people call sixty-two [flood of 1862]. They never lived at Watot Shulul again.

159 Nahalets' wife, *Hawtulu*, and a few of her people went to the old *Nutunutu* (Noo-too'-noo-too) village on the Burris ranch at Kings River. The chief there was *Pah-ko'-ake*. I knew him for a long time. Hawtulu died there when she was an old lady.

My people went to the old village at the "Fish" Rice Rancheria south of Farmersville. There my father took sick and died. We buried him there.

[103 361] Just a few months before I was born my father and mother lived at the old Chunut village of *Hetuumne* (He-oo-um'-ne) about four miles south of Waukena. This was the place where the big ditch is south of the Artesia school and where Mr. Sweet had the slaughter house. Mother had one child, a little boy. His name was *Wehpes* (Weh'-pees). White people called him Bill Foster.

159 While my parents were living there [1854], soldiers on
648 horseback came to take them with all of the other Lake Indians to the Fresno River Indian Reservation. None of the Indians wanted to go. But the soldiers hunted until they found most of the Indians. The soldiers beat the Indians with whips and hit them with their swords and ran their horses over them when they would not go. Some Indians were shot because they ran away. My mother said she saw twelve Indians killed. The rest had to go anyway.

It took about ten days to get all of the Indians together. The soldiers did not let them take time to carry any grub. Then it took four days to drive them to Fresno River Reservation. My mother and father both went. They carried little Wehpes all of the way. He was about two years old.

All this time the Indians only had a few things to eat. They ate a few mussels from the river and a few tule roots. Some Indians caught a few salmon along the San Joaquin river and ate them raw like they did the mussels and tule roots. About ten Indians died on the way. Three or four babies were born along the way.

When they got to Fresno River Indian Reservation there was nothing there to eat. The soldiers killed some cows and gave the Indians some acorns that had been gathered for two or three years and were eaten by worms.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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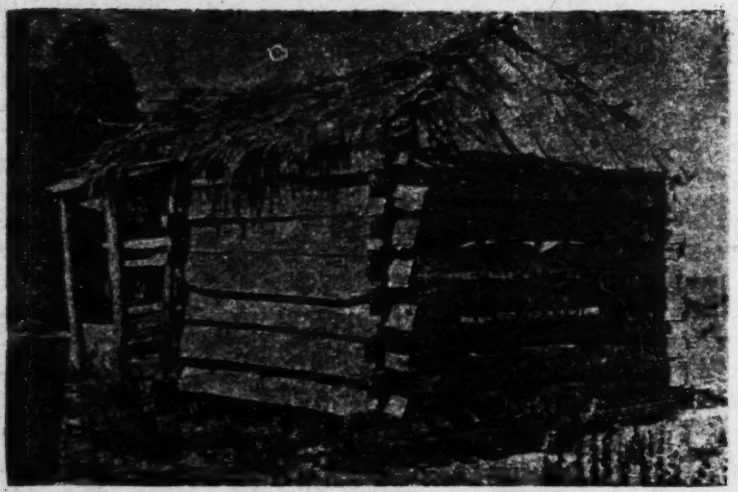

Split puncheon log fort built about six miles east of Visalia as protection against the Indians at the beginning of the Indian War of 1856. Colonel Thomas Baker, founder of both Visalia and Bakersfield, outfitted at this fort at the beginning of that war.

My father and mother were at Fresno River Reservation about two or three months. Then some of the soldiers took them to Fort Tejon. A wagon hauled some grub along, but the Indians walked all of the way. About fifty Indians went on this trip.

There were soldiers at Fort Tejon. It was not up in the mountains but was on the Tejon Ranch, west of the Headquarters. My father and mother worked awhile at Fort Tejon, but they did not like it there. None of our people liked it. They all wanted to go back to Tulare Lake.

Lots of the Indians sneaked away in the night, so one night, as soon as it got dark, my father and mother left. They went along the foothills and hid every day until they came to the Kaweah river. Then they came down to Watot Shulul, where Visalia is now. In a few days I was born. It was about a year after the soldiers took my father and mother from the old village south of the Buzzard's Roost at Waukena [1855]. My father and mother stayed at Watot Shulul until after the big sickness [measles], when all of the Indians left. My mother washed and my father cut wood for the Blankenships.

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[164]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 We liked the Blankenships. They always treated us nice and never cheated us.
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Zac Blankenship was about three years older than me. When my mother washed, Zac used to play with my brother, Wehpes, and me. He showed us how to play marbles and we showed him how to play some Indian games. Zac told me once that I could swim before I could walk. He said that my mother used to wash at the creek back of the Blankenship house. My mother would put me in the water and bend down a willow limb for me to hold. She would go on washing and leave me there for a long time. Then she taught me how to swim. I do not remember this. Zac and his mother told me about it. But I do know that I could swim as early as I can remember.

YOIMUT'S STORY
THE LONEWIS

159 I was about six years old when we moved from Watot Shulul to the "Fish" Rice Rancheria. My father died about
769 two weeks after we went there. My mother washed for Mrs. Rice and for Mrs. Blankenship for a long time to get money enough to have the *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis) for the dead people. At the Lonewis we have a big meeting and cry and dance for the dead people once a year. This Lonewis was at Sulawlahne the "Fish" Rice Rancheria. Lots of people were there; I think five or six hundred. Many of our people had died and there were lots of dead people to cry and sing for.

The first day of the Lonewis we call Monday now. All day the people came in from every direction. The *Teah* (Te'-ah) chief of the village, Sulawlahne, was named *Tepwuhtrah* (Teep-wuh'-trah). He was a *Wowol*, a cousin to my mother. He had a brother, *El'-ke*, who lived there too. Tepwuhtrah had invited them all to come. He had sent his *Winat'-un* [messenger] to tell them when to come. This Winatun was my step-father, *Ah-ka'-um-ne*. He was a Wowol.

There were four Winatun at this Lonewis, two men and two women. One was a *Kaweah* man named *Yah-pah'-kit*. One was a Chunut woman named *Moos'-took* and the other a *Choi'-nock* woman named *Mun-oi'-let*.

The Teah, Tepwuhtrah, sat under a shade made of willow poles and covered with willow brush. He did not leave that place all day. All of the people went to see him first when they came. He told the Winatun where to fix their camp.

[Text continues on p. 230]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 769 There was a big brush shade around where they danced. The company camped under this shade. It was a long shade. The place inside was about 100 steps across. There was a big fire in the middle. It was down by the creek west of the "Fish" Rice house a little way on the south side of the creek just south of where the roads cross now. The old cemetery was just north across the creek.

The Winatun worked for the chief and told the people [624] where to camp when they came. There were lots of tribes [574] there. I remember people from the Tachi, Yokodo, Chunut, Kaweah, Choinok, *Wolase, Wukchumne, Koyeti, Yaudanchi, Wuksahche, Nutunutu, Wowol* and *Telumne* tribes.

The Winatun gave each people their grub when they came. They had some grub along, but the people at Sulawlahne had to give all of the meat and most of the rest of the grub. We bought cows to eat from "Fish" Rice. I remember that there were two cows hanging up at once. We had some deer meat, and antelope and elk too. Our hunters killed a lot during the week of the Lonewis, but we had to have lots of beef besides. This meat was to eat after the Lonewis was over.

Pleas Work was there with his Indian Wife. She was a [551] *Pahd-wishi*. Her name was *Haw'-nick* (Measuring Worm). She was a very pretty woman, but we were afraid of Pleas. He was a bad man. He killed lots of Indians. He only stayed two days. We liked it better after he left.

Our *Chumlus* (Choom'-loos) had all of our clothes to put [302] on us after we washed. My mother had painted her cheeks with black paint and had cut her hair off when my father [317] died. We got the black paint [graphite] from a hill by the place you call Stokes Mountain. We burned it before we [152] used it. We cried almost all of the time until the Lonewis. All [262] of the time after my father died we did not eat any meat until after the Lonewis was over.

My mother had paid our Chumlus the money for the [551] clothes. Mother had not changed clothes since my father died. We had not spoken my father's name. After the Lonewis was over the Chumlus had to wash us and put our clean new clothes on us. Then we could all be happy again.

As soon as we camped, my mother began fixing the man to burn in the fire at the Lonewis. She had saved her money for a year and had bought a good suit of clothes at Mr. Sweet's store

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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"Old Bun," an aged, blind Wukchamna, showing a typical Yokuts head of coarse, heavy black hair bobbed in mourning, also a terribly embarrassed granddaughter. Photo, taken about 1900, was furnished by Jesse G. Pattee.

in Visalia. She paid sixteen dollars for it. She had a good hat, shoes, socks, and underwear.

Mother stuffed the clothes with tules and fastened them together so they looked like a man. She painted the face. Then

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 769 she got out the fine baskets she had made to burn, and all of father's things she had saved. Then she was ready for the Lonewis.

If some man lost a wife they fixed some clothes like a woman and burned it. If they lost a little boy or a girl they dressed it up like a boy or girl. For a baby they fixed it on a baby cradle and burned it. In the old days they made these people to burn out of tules and dressed them with beads and a man's breech clout or woman's skirt.

159 769 624 The morning of the second day the Teah sent his *Win-al'-un* (messenger) to tell all the people to come together. He talked to them for a long time. Then the people from each tribe talked. They told about their dead people that they had been crying for. They told who they were and when they died. They told about how good the dead persons had been. By that time it was afternoon. They ate acorn mush and talked until about four o'clock. Then they all went back to their own shades and sat down.

Soon the Winatun came around to tell them to build their fires and get ready for the dancing and singing. He walked around the camp yelling this so everyone could hear. Then they all got ready. They built fires and got ready to dance all night.

The Winatun built a big fire in the middle of all the fires. It was made of dry oak and burned until the Lonewis was over. It was about twenty feet across. Some of the people carried wood for it almost all of the time.

159 769 [152] At sundown everybody was ready. Nobody talked. Everything was quiet. When we could just see *Ne'-waw Chi'-tus*. [the evening star], Tepwuhtra, the Teah, stood up in front of his fire. We all watched him. He called in a loud voice, "*He'-ahm tahn'-hin* [we are ready]." In a little while everyone was crying. Then they began to dance.

Most of the people danced around their own fires. Some danced around the fireplace for a while. They were singing to the big fire where they were going to burn their baskets and things. Then they went back to their own fires.

Most of the people sat close around their own fires and cried. They would rock back and forth and cry for awhile. Then they would sing. After awhile they would get up and dance and some of the others would sit down and cry and sing.

[539] This was one of the songs they sang:

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 769 [539]

Ah-hah-now'-uh	*We-ah'-hah*
Ah-hah-now'-uh	*We-ah'-ah-hah*
	(We are crying)
Wuk'-e le'-o	*We-ah'-ah-hah*
(We cry again)	(We are crying)
Ah-hah-now'-uh	*We-ah'-ah-hah*

When the song was done they all clapped their hands together and pointed at each other in time with each other.

They had men to lead the singing. All the people sang together. The lead singers were called *Ah-ha'-nitch*. We paid them to sing. There were about six at my father's Lonewis. They were painted black on their face, and stomach, too. They had white spots on their face and white stripes across their stomach. [533] [302]

All of the time until the Lonewis was over, all day and all night, some one was singing, someone was crying, someone was dancing.

The second night the *Hohuno* (Ho-hoo'-no) danced. This was the first night the big fire was lit. Hohuno was dressed in a long pretty blue dress that covered his head and reached to the ground. The Winatun dressed him. We children were all afraid of him. His Indian name was *Huyupah* (Hoo-yoo'-pah).

The part of the dress that went over Honuno's head was made of the smooth skin and feathers from a fish crane. It fitted close to his head and was so smooth not a feather was out of place, except two feather horns on each side like a horned owl. On the front were fastened two large round pieces of abalone shell for eyes. They were just above his eyes. He had peek-holes right under them. When he came close to us he would lean over and look at us with those big eyes and we would almost die. 159 769 292 237

From the shoulder down the dress was loose. Long, blue wing feathers from fish cranes were fastened to a loose skirt of strings. These feathers could swing loose as Hohuno danced. They were fastened about the middle so they would fly around like birds when he danced.

On his back, fastened across his shoulders, was a stick. About ten short pieces of bamboo hung loose from the stick. The pieces of bamboo were the size of a pencil, maybe a little bigger. When he danced, Hohuno would jerk his shoulders and make the bamboo sticks rattle together. 159 769 293

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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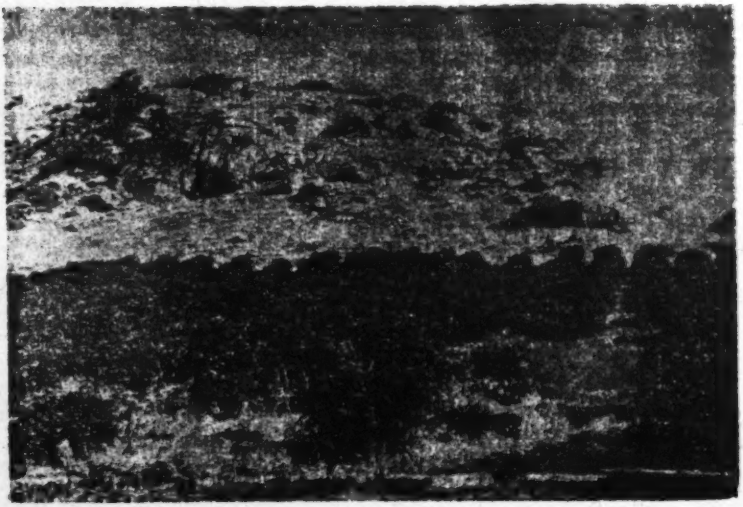

This grey, granite-strewn hill about two miles east of Woodlake, resembles the Yokuts blue heron clown when he had fallen during his dance, so the **Wukchumne** called it **Ho-hu'-no.**

Hohuno never spoke. He called, "Ho-hoo'-no," and whistled low. He danced light on the tips of his toes. He al- [535] most seemed to float around without touching the ground. He made shivers run up our backs.

People hid things and Hohuno found them. They would put beads in the grass, or under something. They hung some in a tree. Some they buried in the ground. Hohuno danced and whistled around the fires, going to one person and then another calling, "Ho-hoo'-no." He would dance backward and forward until finally he would point to where something was hid, and call, "Ho-hoo'-no." Then they had to give him what he had found. He found everything they had hid.

159 769 756 The third night the Indian doctors had a fight called *Hes-wus* [a sham battle]. This fight was by doctors who were both *Ahntru* (Ahn'-troo) and *Trip'-ne.* The *Ahntru* Doctors doctored people with medicine. They did not know as much or do as many things as the Tripne Doctors. The Tripne Doctors were very strong [supernatural]. They could do anything, make anyone die, change into coyote, bear, or eagle, or make it rain.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

The *Winatun* made the fires for the doctors. They made seven fires, three in a row on each side and one in the middle. They then went to tell the Teah that everything was ready. Everyone could see this from their camp fires.

Then the Teah called, *"He'-ahn tahn'-hin."* The doctors came out in pairs and went to their fires. An Ahntru Doctor went to the middle fire. He came from the Teah camp. All were dressed in their feather skirts and feather headdress. All were painted and had their magic things along. Each one had *Chapet* (Chap'-peet), the Tripne flat basket tray.

Near the middle fire was a high pole set in the ground. It was as high as a house. On it were tied baskets, strings of beads and other rich things. They were for the dead people. Each doctor would sing his song and shake his rattle. Then he would swing his Chapet in the air and put it over first one shoulder and then the other while he was singing. Then he would slap it on the ground quickly. It made a loud noise. Some of the doctors could make some of the baskets fall from the pole with this noise. Only the Tripne Doctors could do this.

They sang this song:

Ha-lahl'-mo hah'-hah hah'-hah

(Repeated four times.)

While they sang they danced to the center fire, stamping the ground with the same foot together and slapping the Chapets over their shoulders and against their sides.

The sun is just going down. They hold the Chapets up to the sun edgeways. Then they turn and dance back to their fires. One of the doctors slaps the Chapet on the ground and picks up something to shoot from his Chapet. Some get an arrow point, some a rock, some a bullet or something he can throw hard. He rubs it around the edge of his Chapet to make it Tripne.

They do not sing or talk while they do this. Everybody keeps quiet. They pass the Chapet around them at the waist and walk around their fire getting ready to fight. Then one slaps his Chapet on the ground and shoots at another doctor. Maybe the doctor falls down or he sits down. If he falls down he is dead [unconscious] and the Winatuns pick him up and carry him to his camp and he is done. He does not fight anymore. [He revives and watches the rest of the exhibition].

While the doctors were fighting, *Cuksa* (Cook'-sa) played around them. The Teah told him when to go in. The Winatun

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 dressed Cuksa. He wore an Ahntru headdress and skirt. In
769 one hand he carried *trah-waht'-will*, the rattle, or clapper.

756 Cuksa sang and went around among the people. He made lots of fun doing like the Tripne Doctors did. At last the doctors began shooting at him. He fell down and his people carried him back to his camp. The doctors doctored him and he finally came alive again. The people gave him some money. He was only to make fun.

[624] The middle doctor shot at those at the ends. When he killed one, the Winatun took him to the other side and the doctors there doctored him. If he was not hit bad they took
[755] it out, an arrow point, acorn, rock or something. [these objects were introduced by sleight-of-hand] Then he went back to fight. If he was hit bad they took him to his camp.

There were a lot of helpers called *Chamum Maets* (Chah'-mum ma'-ets). They walked around those fighting. They yelled and disturbed the other side. Each doctor had his own Chamum Maets. They had to pay these helpers.

[237] The middle doctor spread *saw-nil* [eagle down] around him on the ground where the other doctors had been shooting at him. Then he brushed it up. The sawnil is Tripne and he took out of it [by sleight-of-hand] the things the other doctors had been shooting at him.

The fight was kept up until only one doctor was left. The outside people all paid the doctors while they were fighting, even after they had been hit. They gave them beads or arrows for pay. The doctors made lots of money that way. I saw all of this twice, once at *Sulawlahne* at the "Fish" Rice Ranch, south of Farmersville and once at Tule River Reservation.

159 The fourth night was when we came out with the clothes
769 stuffed like the dead people. About midnight they were brought out and carried around and pointed at the big fire for two or three hours. All of the time everyone was singing

[539]

Ah-hah'-nah
(We sing)
Yoo'-e uh'-la
(You are going to burn)
We-ah'-ah hah
(We are crying)
(Repeated indefinitely)

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

They took the stuffed clothes back into the house this fourth night. They did not burn them. Then some of the people sang and cried and danced until the next night. 159 769

The fifth night about midnight they brought out the same stuffed clothes and marched around and around the fire singing the same song. But this time they threw everything in the fire.

Just before they burned everything the Winatun threw small dry oak limbs on the fire to make a big blaze. Then the chief called, "He'-ahm tahn'-hin," and they threw everything in the fire, almost all at once. The fire was almost covered up with stuffed clothes, baskets, and things that had belonged to the dead people.

The Ahanich (professional singers) had the right to catch anything they could as it was thrown on the fire. If they caught it, or could grab it out of the fire before it was burned, it belonged to them. Sometimes they got a whole suit of clothes, sometimes they got good baskets. [533]

It was all right for the Ahanich to keep the clothes and wear them. But they had to get them to their camp before the person who threw them in could catch hold of them. If the Ahanich was caught, he had to give the things back to the person who had thrown them in and then that person could keep them and use them, or wear them. They did not need to be burned if the Ahanich caught them or took them out of the fire.

When the things were first thrown on the fire there was a good chance to take some out without getting burned. But in just a few seconds everything was on fire. We stood back and tried to throw the things over the Ahanich's heads into the middle of the fire.

I remember that one Ahanich caught a fine basket, one like they made just to burn. He ran for his camp. The lady who had thrown it in caught him, but he pulled loose and ran on. They quarreled about it and the Teah took the basket and threw it back in the fire.

By daylight everything was burned up and only a few people were singing and crying around their own fires. They kept that up all day.

My mother worked hard to get the money to buy the clothes to burn in the fire for my father. She washed for the Blankenships and for Mrs. "Fish" Rice. But you white people do the same thing. You save money and dress dead people in good clothes. You spend lots of money for coffin.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

142
177
302
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756
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Jennie, an aged Wukchumne, and her granddaughter. This photo is of importance because the granddaughter has on the bridge of her nose the marks of fresh cuts made by a medicine man. Her grandmother has on her nose the scars of such doctoring. Both have their hair bobbed in mourning. Jennie was a Chumlus at the great Eshom Valley Ghost Dance. Photo, taken about 1890, was furnished by Jesse G. Pattee.

159 769 [775] Then you bury your father, mother, maybe your wife. You put everything in ground and all decay. We *burn* good clothes and they *do not* decay. They go to *Tih-pik'-nits Pahn* [the hereafter] so our dead person always has good clothes to wear. What do you think?

On the sixth morning everyone was dancing when *Tow-ahn'-itch*, the morning star, was beginning to fade and it was getting daylight. The Teah called, "He'-ahm tahn'-hin," and everyone ran to the creek to be washed. The dancing and singing and crying of the Lonewis was over. We could be washed and dressed in our new clothes and have a big feast of meat and let our hair grow again.

159 767 769 The *Chumlus* had our new clothes and new baskets to wash us in. She washed my mother and me. We took off our clothes

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

and went in the creek. The Chumlus washed us clean and dried us. Then she put our new clothes on us. She had already been paid for the clothes and the new basket she had made to wash us in.

Everybody now has a good time. They sing, "*He'-ahm lo'-hin Lo'-ne'-wis,*" the Lonewis is over. They go back to the fires and have a big feast. They have acorn bread and all kinds of meat: roast antelope and elk and jack rabbit and squirrel and beef. They they have a big dance for fun and get ready to go home.

Everyone is tired and happy and feels good until someone else dies in the family. When I was a little girl our people died so fast that we were getting ready for Lonewis all of the time. That is why I remember it so much.

The Lonewis at *Sulawlahne* and one at *Watot Shulul* were the biggest I ever saw. But I went to about a dozen pretty big ones before I was grown.

YOIMUT'S STORY
TIHPIKNITS PAHN

When I was a little girl I heard several times the story of the Yokuts Land of the Dead, which we call *Tih-pik'-nits Pahn.* Pahn is our name for "land". Tihpiknits is the name of the great bird person who rules over the dead. The *Wowol* (Wo'-wol) and *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) and *Tachi* all had a story just like this. I heard some of their old people tell it lots of times. When we were sitting around the camp fire in the evening *Watite* (Wa'-tih-te), the ground owl, would call and then they would tell the story. I know it best of all my stories.

The last time I heard the story of Tihpiknits Pahn it was told near Visalia by Nahalets (Nah-ha'-leets), last chief of the *Telumne* (Ta'-lum-ne) Yokuts tribe which lived around where Visalia is now. I was about eight years old then.

Nahalets told the story during the last *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis), or crying for the dead people, that was ever held at the old *Telumne* Yokuts village of *Wa-tot' Shulul* at Visalia. At this Lonewis almost all of the Indians became sick and died of measles and we never gathered there again.

Tihpiknits Pahn is the place where the dead Indians go. It is six nights journey to the north. Only the good people can get there. The dead people dance a Lonewis, or crying dance

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

775 there every night, just like they used to do here. They play games and have a good time. They eat *toi'-uk* seed mush which never gets any smaller, no matter how much they eat. In the morning they all disappear and nothing can be seen of them until the next night, when the *Win-at'-un* [dove, the messenger] builds new fires for the dances and calls them all back to their natural selves. You may walk through any nice place in the trees where the Indians hold their Lonewis dances for Tihpiknits Pahn. In the daytime you can not see any of the people. They have changed into a rotten log, clam shell, or something. At night you have to be *Trip'-ne* [supernatural] to see them. I never saw them. I just heard Indian doctors say that. But we always go very quiet through a nice place out in the trees.

775 825 In Tihpiknits Pahn, *Ki'-yu*, the Coyote, and Tihpiknits are always playing the old game of *Hih'-sa Na'-us*. When Tihpiknits wins, someone of us must die and go to Tihpiknits Pahn. When Kiyu wins he tries to bite Tihpiknits and pulls feathers from him.

Kiyu throws the feathers that he pulls from Tihpiknits to the south and the north wind brings them to us in the form of the first white geese of the winter. When we saw the white geese come we used to say, "Well, I guess Kiyu won that time". When we heard *Watite* (Wa'-tih-te), the little ground owl, call in the evening, we knew Tihpiknits had won and that someone was dying. Watite was the Winatun for the Ahanich who sang at the Lonewis.

159 825 Watite, the little ground owl, lives in squirrel holes. His head looks like an Indian woman's head when she has cut her bangs and her hair off with a fire stick and is crying for someone who has died. We used to sing a nice song about him. It is a *Wowol* song. My mother taught it to me. When I cried about anything she would hold up her first finger and say, "*Lahn'-he*, listen. Watite hears you crying and he is singing for you." She would make a little play. She would put her hand on top of her head to make it flat like Watite's. She would make a move with her other hand like she was cutting her hair off and cutting her bangs for the Lonewis. She would stand on one leg and draw the other up like Watite does. Of course my mother was an old woman when she died. But I remember her to sing this song for me when she was a young, pretty woman. She was always good to me. Every day she

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 825 [537]

would sing and laugh and dance for me. Before she finished the song I would be laughing. It went like this:

Po'kook ..	*Yo-patch'-noo* ..	*Tah'-eh nek'-tah*
(ground owl call)	(as of old)	(I have a flat head)
Yo-patch'-noo	*Ma-wih'-sin*	*Pih-tre'-no*
(as of old)	(I cut with fire)	(my bangs)
Yo-patch'-noo	*Teh'hiks*	*Nahm*
(as of old)	(my leg hurts)	(me)
Yo-patch'-noo	*Too-lo'-lool*	*Nim[illegible]'-tro*
(as of old)	(I burn or cut)	(my hair)

775

A long time ago the Indians found out all about Tihpiknits Pahn. That is what they say. That is what I heard. I will tell you all about it.

A very good couple lived in an old Wowol Indian village. They were both good people. They were honest and they were good to each other. One day the wife died. The husband was overcome with grief. So were his parents-in-law.

After the wife was buried the husband would not leave her grave for a minute. He stayed there day and night for two days and three nights. Early on the third night the husband heard a noise in the grave. He listened and watched very closely. Finally he saw his wife come up out of the grave.

The husband kept very quiet. He saw his wife shake the earth from her clothes. She shook the earth from her hair and carefully put it back in place. She rearranged all of her clothes and rubbed her hands over her face. Then she looked in all directions. Soon she started toward the north.

Following quietly, the husband soon saw that the wife knew he was behind. She finally turned and told him to go on back to his people and stay there, that she was going to Tihpiknits Pahn to stay. But the husband did not want to go back. He wanted to be with his wife. So he followed her on.

At daylight the wife turned into a rotten log and the husband watched until dusk. He had to keep awake all of the time. At dusk the wife became her natural self and went on her way to the north.

The third night, when the wife became her proper form she again spoke to her husband. She told him that she must go a long way to the north and that he could not follow her, that there was a dangerous bridge to cross and that he would fall into the water. Besides, she told him, he was alive and would

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

775 again on the pesasin string and traveled six days toward the south and the rancheria where his parents-in-law lived. Then he hid in the brush until after almost everyone at the rancheria had gone to sleep.

When all was quiet the husband crept quietly to the house where his parents-in-law lived and called to them. He could hear them crying softly inside. When he called they stopped crying and answered him. They were overjoyed at his return and stopped crying.

Upon being asked where he had been he said, "I have just been walking around the country. I must hide. Fix a place for me." A small lean-to was built on the side of the house. In this the husband hid. By morning no one could tell that the house had been changed at all.

In the morning the people at the rancheria were all surprised to see that the parents-in-law did not cry. They were so happy that the people knew the husband had returned. The people kept asking about him. He was just inside the thin tule partition and could hear everything that was said.

For five days and nights the husband hid and listened to the people inquiring about him. Then he could endure it no longer. He came out and told all the people to come together around the fire and he would tell them where he had been and all that he had seen. The people all came and listened to the husband's story.

Just as the husband finished talking, a rattlesnake, who was there as a watchman for Tihpiknits, bit him and he immediately fell dead.

That is how the Yokuts came to know where the dead people go and what they do in Tihpiknits Pahn.

YOIMUT'S STORY
THE GHOST DANCE

159 All of the Indian tribes around Tulare Lake had good
756 Doctors. Some doctors were just *Ahntru* (Ahn'-troo). They could give people medicine and help them a little. But they could not help very much. Some of the doctors were *Trip'-ne* [had supernatural power]. They could do anything. They could make it rain. They could make anyone die. They could change themselves into coyote, bear, or eagle. We were always afraid of Tripne Doctors. We were not afraid of Ahnutru Doctors.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

The Chunut doctors had a Tripne (magic) stone. It was just like a doughnut. They called it *Cuhmumwum Weah* (Cuh-moom'-wum We'-ah), the thunder and lightning stone. I used to know its song, but I have forgotten it. My old uncle, *Tehnih'-pahs*, taught it to me. I think once all the Indians around Tulare Lake had these songs. They used the Cuhmumwum Weah to make thunder and lightning and to make whirlwinds and cool breezes. I saw my uncle make whirlwinds once with this stone.

The doctors had another stone. Even the Ahntru Doctors knew how to use it to doctor people. But the Tripne Doctors could do lots more things with it. It was a long stone with a hole through the middle. The *Chunut* called it *Ta'-khot-un Tis-a'-he.*

The doctor put the hollow stone over the place where the person was hurting and sucked on the other end. He took the pain out that way. Sometimes he took out an arrow point, rattlesnake rattles, or lizard tail. Then the sick person got well. I saw them do that.

Almost all the doctors were men. Once a man and his wife were both Tripne doctors. Finally they went out of sight in the middle of the day. This was at *Chaw-lo'-win*, the old *Wowol* village where Alpaugh is now. They lived there on the sand ridge for many years, but the people could never see them. They saw tracks in the sand and saw where the doctors had dug tule roots, but they could never see the Tripne man and wife. They could see the smoke from their fires. They also found pieces of abalone shell in the sand at their camps. They brought the first abalone shell to Tulare Lake. My old uncle told me all about this. He was a Wowol.

Tumnah (Toom'-nah) was a real old Tachi when I was a little girl. We thought he was more than one hundred years old. He was a young man before the Spanish people came to Tulare Lake after the Indians. He used to tell me about how the Spanish came and took the Indians away from *Tokuh Lihnuh*, the West Side.

Once Tumnah told me about two bad Indian doctors. He had helped kill one of them who lived at the old *Nutunutu* village at Kingston. These doctors had killed some *Tachi* people. They would change themselves into coyotes and go sneaking around after the Tachi and making them sick. They would

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

sniff and smell at the Tachis and sing songs about them. The Tachi would get sick. Finally they would die.

One of the Tachi got sick because the doctors were following him like coyotes and smelling him. He told Tumnah. Tumnah said, "All right, we will get our bows and arrows and go over and kill him."

They got some stone pointed arrows that they kept especially to keep away the Indian doctor's magic. Stone [obsidian] pointed arrows are Tripne. They used these arrows sometimes to shoot bad doctors.

Tumnah went with the other Tachi over to Nutunutu. Some of the people there saw them coming. They ran and told the doctor that some people were coming to kill him. He did not believe it at first. He was lying on his bed in his house.

But when the Tachi came to his door he saw that they were going to kill him all right. He did not say a word. He jumped up and held his rabbit skin blanket in front of him. He started waving the blanket and singing and dancing to stop the arrows and to use his Tripne power. Most of the arrows went through and hit him, but not hard enough to kill him. The Tachi kept asking the doctor how he liked it. He kept answering, "*Een-sis* (good)."

The Tachi kept shooting arrows into the doctor and asked him, "Is that sweet?" He answered, "It is sweet." Finally one Tachi shot him with a pistol. He shot the doctor through the middle and he fell down and died.

Before I was born my father and mother were staying on Buena Vista Lake at the old village of *Tulamni* (Too-lahm'-ne). They saw an Indian doctor killed there because he had killed some people. Afterward my people lived at Fort Tejon and went back to Tulamni, but all of the Indians were gone.

When I was grown I was at Tejon Ranch and heard some of the Indians there tell about the Indian doctor being killed at Tulamni. I have never been there. I would like to see it, but I am almost blind.

When I was about seventeen years old some *Mono* Indian Doctors came from across the mountains to the east and talked to our doctors for a long time. They were worried because so many Indians had been dying. Our doctors wanted to stop the dying because they had been blamed for lots of it. So they talked about it for a long time.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

The Mono Indian Doctors said that if we held a big new kind of dance at Eshom valley we could stop all of the dying and could bring back all of our dead people. So our doctors and our Teah (Te'-ah, chief) agreed to help. They called this new dance *Heut Hetwe* (He'-ut Het'-we).

At the Eshom valley Heut Hetwe we were to see all of our dead people. *Tih-pik'-nits,* the bird person who was keeper of the hereafter, was to bring back to us our fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts and our grandparents. Then no one was to die anymore. That was why all of the Indians went to Eshom valley. The white people thought they were going to fight. They did not want to fight. They were not going to hurt anyone.

When we went to Eshom valley my people were living about three miles south of Farmersville at the "Fish" Rice Rancheria. My people called that place *Sulawlahne* (Soo-law-lahn'-ne). The Teah there was *Teep-wuit'-trah.* He belonged to the *Wowol* tribe. He was uncle to my mother. He took us to Eshom valley.

It was a nice place in Eshom valley where the dance was held. The Indians used to go there to gather clover to eat. There was always a nice field of sweet clover there in the spring. We called Eshom valley *Chetutu* (Che-tut'-oo), or clover place. There is a creek in the valley. The dance was made near a water hole in the creek.

The Eshom valley dance was the biggest dance I ever saw. Indians came from everywhere, some from Tule river and Deer Creek, some from Lemoore and some from Kings river. We went horseback from Sulawlahnne. It took us two days to go there.

The chiefs who had charge of the dance told us that we must not get angry or be mean to one another at the dance. We were to keep dancing all the time. Only the little children could sleep. If anyone did not dance he would die or turn into a rotten log of wood.

The chiefs also told us that we must bathe in the creek every morning. When the *Win-at'-un* (messenger) called we were all to run to the creek and bathe. They told us that we were going to dance the same dance that the dead people dance in *Tihpiknis Pahn* [Land of the Dead].

We danced in a big circle at Eshom valley. Sometimes everybody danced at once. We held each others' hands. We

[text continues on p. 249]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

moved them from our shoulders down at each step. We stepped to the left. After we got tired we just dragged one foot and then the other. Some carried little baskets of beads and threw them on the ground as they danced. We danced around and around in the same place all of the time and made a deep ditch in the ground. It was a new dance to us. It was different from the *Lonewis* (Lo-nee'-wis) dance.

About six or seven *Ahanich* (Ah-ha'-nitch) [professional singers] led the singing. The Indian doctors wore skirts and feather hats and danced around with the rest of us. The main song that they sang went like this:

Hah-nah nahn' een'-ah nah'-ni
(I will be anything)
Hah-nah nahn' een'-ah nah'-ni
Hah-nah nahn' een'-ah nah'-ni
Hah'-nah nahn' een'-ah a - a
[repeat indefinitely]

I do not know all of the words, but they mean something like, "I will be anything, crow, rock, stick, rattlesnake, or anything, if our dead people come back."

All of the time we expected to see our dead people come back. We got tired, but we danced six days and nights. Once a small girl did not want to dance, but her mother made her dance anyway. After awhile the girl left the circle and went to her mother's camp. She lay down and died. The doctors worked over her for an hour or two and brought her back to life. They got a pine tree top and stood it up on her breast. Then they called all of us girls to watch her. The doctors blew on her forehead and she finally awakened.

The mother asked the girl who had died what she had seen. We thought maybe she had seen some of her dead people. But she said, "Nothing." Then she was all right again. The girl's name was *No-he'-ut*. She is still living at Rio Chiquito over near Kern River.

When the dance was almost over, Pleas Work and his brother, and "Club-foot" Guthrie and an Indian named *Ho'-sawm* came and told us that the white people were coming to kill all of us. We were afraid of the white people all of the time, so we all ran away into the timber and mountains. This was before the last night of the dance was over. We left without either our grub or our clothes.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 769 That night we stayed among the brush and rocks after we had gone a couple of miles from the camp. Then we went on farther until we found a good place to hide in a canyon this side of Kings River. We stayed there almost a week, until we almost starved. Some people killed a little game and one bear. We ate the bear meat. That was all we had, even the little children.

After we had been hid almost a week some white people came and told us that no one would hurt us. So we came back to our own camp and got ready to go home. We never finished the Eshom valley dance.

When we came back to the San Joaquin valley we were almost completely starved. I remember that the first thing I had to eat was ripe peaches. They were the best peaches I ever ate.

We had a good time at Eshom Valley, but we were sorry we did not see our dead people. Lots of our people had been dying and we wanted to see them.

Several months after the dance at Eshom Valley my people decided to have another dance. They had not finished the dance at Eshom valley. They thought that if they had another dance and finished it the dead people would really come back.

[103] The second dance was held at the old village of Sulawlahne at the "Fish" Rice ranch south of Farmersville. We danced for six days and nights there, but never saw any of our dead people. After that we knew the Indians from across the mountains had been fooling us. So we did not have any more of those Heut Hetwe dances to bring back the dead people.

YOIMUT'S STORY

CHUNUT CAMP LIFE

159 342 In the old days, before white people came to Tulare Lake, my people had three kinds of houses. Two houses were made of tules. One house was made of poles and dirt. I never saw but two of the dirt houses. The Indians stopped making them before I was born. When I was about ten years old my mother took me to camp at a place about four or five miles south of the Buzzard's Roost. It is about three miles from Waukena. It was the place on the creek by the big ditch where Mr. Sweet had the slaughter house. When we went to the place there were a lot of Indian dirt houses there. Almost all of them had fallen down. We went there when you white people were having a big war [the Civil War].

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

I think most of the houses had been burned, because I remember the ends of a few of the poles had been burned. Two of the houses were still standing. Two were still good houses. We put our things in them and camped outside. I remember all about this kind of house.

It was not a big house, like white people make. It was just one round room. It had a small door and a smoke-hole at the top. The door was at the south side. The house was not dug in the ground very deep. I think they must have carried the dirt to cover it from some other place. When we went into the house we did not go down, like into a cellar. The floor was just about level with the ground outside.

The house was made of poles set in the ground like posts. They were about as big around as my arm at the bottom. They were not so big at the top. The poles were bent together at the top. They had poles around them and brush and tules over them.

The outside was covered with dirt and mud. At the bottom the dirt was thick, but at the top by the smoke hole it was just plastered thin with mud. You could see the tules and brush around the smoke hole.

The dirt houses had fire places in the middle. They were about as big as a wash tub. They had rocks and ashes in them when we went there. Someone had been cooking in them before we came.

The sweat house was still at this place when we went there. It was down in the creek by the water. It was like the other houses, but it did not have a smoke hole at the top. It was deeper, too. We called it *Maws.*

The *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) made a kind of shade to use in summer. It was like four posts set in the ground with poles across the top. It was covered with tule mats. When we moved we took the mats and the poles with us and left the posts for when we came back.

Both my mother's people and my father's people made a house of green tules. It was a small round house. They made these houses in the tules near the water when they would only stay a little while. They called this kind of house *tumlus* (toom'-loos.)

Tumlus was a good dry house from the rain, but it was bad from the bottom. They just cut some tules away inside, and pulled the other tules together at the top. They tied the tops to

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 a piece of green oak limb bent round like a ring. You could never see these houses in the tules until you came right to them.
342 The worst thing about the tumlus house was the lake.
[361] They always were close to the water and the ground was wet. When the wind blew, the lake water would come into them.

Once I went with my mother to *Chaw-lo'-win*, on Atwell's Island where Alpaugh is now. I was about ten years old. While we were there we lived in a tumlus house. I did not like it. When we did not have a fire the mosquitoes came in so thick you could not see the smoke hole.

One night when we were all asleep, the north wind began to blow. Nobody waked up until the water began to come into the house. We got out as fast as we could, but the water was up to my knees before we left the house.

I was at Alpaugh a long time afterward and I think the houses were almost where the town is now. They were on the north edge of the sand ridge. The old-time regular village was
[361] farther south on the south side of the sand ridge where White River came in.

When we were in the tumlus houses it was all tules right down to the water. We had just narrow trails through the high tules. The lake was high then after the sixty-two [1862] high water. It was before the sixty-eight [1868] high water. I remember this. I know both high waters.

[361] There were ten or twelve houses where we stayed. A few of my mother's people had gone back there to live. They thought they could stay there. But the white people already had hogs there and the Indians had to leave as soon as the water went down a little.

159 The regular house that the Chunut and *Wowol* (Wo'wol)
342 had was called *Che*. It was a long tule house. It was made so
592 they could take it down quick. I lived in one of the long tule houses two or three years on Kings river near the Ezra ranch. They were a good house. They were cool in summer. You could open them up in a minute and get the cool breeze. In the cold weather they had lots of fires inside to keep them warm.

Eight or ten families lived in the Che, tule house. It was like a long tent. They had no partitions. It was open inside all the way along. There were fires all along the middle. When they were all roasting ducks or fish in the winter, the house would be full of smoke. It was nice to live in a house like that. If you did not like some family you lived in the other part of

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

the house. You generally lived by your grandmother or by your good friends. 159 342

The tule house had a row of posts down the middle. They had forks at the tops. On top of the posts we put long poles. Then we leaned poles against the long poles at the sides. On top we put long tule mats. We made the mats nice and smooth. The tules ran up and down. We tied them together with tules. We could roll them up like a rug. They kept the water out good. 592

Inside the Che we kept everything—acorns, dried *sah'-pahl* (jack rabbit) and *i-ke' em* (elk) and *suey'-yohl* (antelope) and *lo-pits* (fish). We hung all of these on the poles. 159 251 262

We dried lots of *mah-mil* (blackberries) and *saw-ha'-mik* (mushrooms) too, and put them in baskets. We had lots of seeds in baskets. The house was full of things to eat. We always had plenty.

The Chunut and Wowol cooked the white-shelled lake clams in large bunches like you call a clam-bake. They called the clam *trah'-sheep* and the clam-bake *hah-pots'-ahk*. First they put on the ground a layer of tules four or five inches thick. Then they put the clams on top, with the open edges down as thick as they could, so they would not roll over. They piled tules on top of the clams. Then they set fire to them. When the tules burned, the water ran out of the clams and steamed them so they cooked nice. My people ate lots of them that way. They were good with salt from salt grass. Sometimes they baked lots of fires of them. 159 252 262

We gathered lots of salt from salt grass. Lots of Indians used to get their salt at a place about three miles north of Guernsey. I have gathered salt there lots of times. The salt comes on the leaves of the grass in little round pieces. We gathered the grass in the afternoon when it was damp and stacked it in big piles. After dinner we put the grass on an elk skin and hit it with sticks. The dry salt fell off and we threw the grass away. It made a good salt. We called it *ahlet* (ah'-leet). 159 222 263

We made another salt by burning a different salt weed. We called it *tiit* (tih'-it). It was not as good as ahlet.

The old-time Chunut Indians did not use much acorn mush. They used more tule roots. They did not have to take the bitter out of the tule roots. They ate some of the tender roots raw and pounded up the old roots. 159 252 262

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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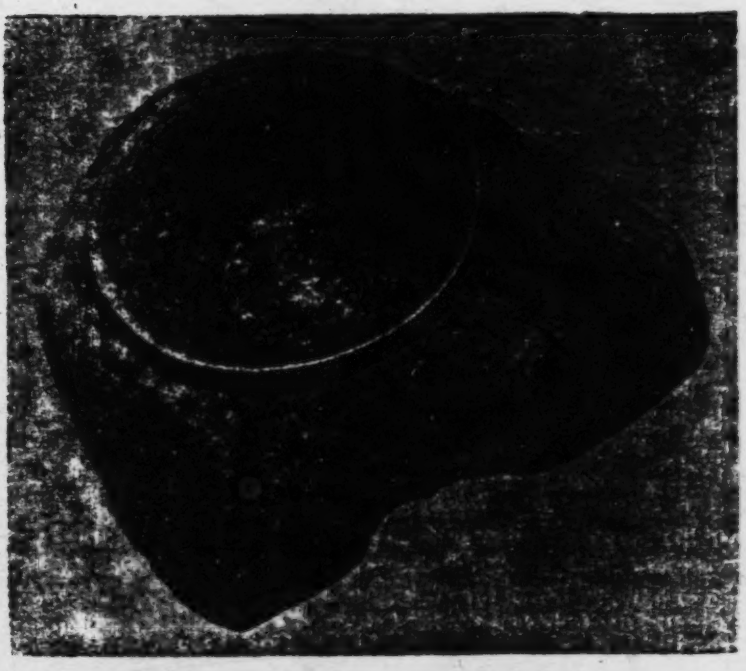

A Wukchumne Yokuts wooden mortar with basket hopper.

159
251 The valley acorns would not keep very well. We could not store them in granaries like we did the mountain acorns. We had to take off the hulls as soon as we gathered them. Then we drilled holes in them and put them on strings. We hung the strings of acorns in the house. We thought that it was the smoke that kept the worms from eating them.

159
412 My people used some rock mortars to pound seeds in, but they used lots of wooden mortars, too. My mother had a big wooden mortar when I was a little girl.

When an oak tree would fall down the Chunut women would take the bark off of the trunk and make mortars in the top of it. They used coals to burn holes in it. I remember lots of trees with three or four mortars in them. The women would sit on the tree trunk and pound acorns and seeds.

159
342
512 In the long tule house each family had its own door. You could not go through the next place unless you knew it was all

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

right. We just opened the tule mats for a door. We did not have a round smoke hole in the long house. The tule mats did not reach to the top. If we wanted more room for the smoke to go out, we put a stick between the tule mats at the top.

In the Indian houses we nearly always slept along the side with our feet to the fire. To sleep sidewise to the fire we called *yot'-sahn*. We dug a hole in the ground and filled it with loose tules. Then we covered them with two or three tule mats. That made a nice mattress.

For bed covers we used lots of things. The best bed cover was rabbit skin blankets. They were soft and warm. Nearly everybody had one or two. They were about as big as the blankets you white people use. We made the rabbit skin blankets out of strips of skin. When we took the skin off of the rabbit we cut it around and around in a long strip. We twisted it so all of the fur was on the outside. We twisted the rabbit skin strips into a double string as long as we wanted the blanket. Then we sewed it back and forth from one end to the other until it was a big blanket. We made blankets the same way of mud hen skins.

We had elk and deer skins on our beds, too. Some people had bear skins, too, for bed covers. But not many had that. I knew an Indian doctor who had a mountain lion skin on his bed. He bought it from a *Wukchumne* Indian from Lemon Cove.

The old-time Indian men wore a deerskin breech-clout called *trah'-keet mu-sum'-hoey*. It was held up by a narrow deerskin belt called *wuh'-suk* (string). A little piece of the breech clout hung down like an apron in front. Some of the men painted colored pictures on it. I only saw one or two of the old-time breech clouts. That was when I was a little girl. After that the Indians all wore old underwear or a piece of old cloth for a breech clout.

The Indian women wore a small skirt. It was made in two pieces. They had a small apron in front and a larger one behind. They were held up by a string like a belt. It tied at the side. We called the woman's skirt *ah'-til ra'-es*. It was generally made of the inside bark of cottonwood, or of tule. Some times they used strings of twisted rabbit, or mud hen skin. They liked the twisted rabbit skin skirts best.

The Chunut and Wowol women wore a cape, too. It was made of twisted rabbit skin, or mud-hen skin strings like a small blanket. They used the wing feather of a goose to pin the cape in place.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

cape in place. A feather made a good pin. It never came out and it was easy to get.

They also used a kind of cap, or hood, in real cold weather. It was made of rabbit skin. I never saw but two or three of them. We had cloth caps, or bonnets, when I was a girl.

Lots of the old Chunut people made a hole through their nose and put a bone or stick through it. They called the hole in their nose *so-kil'-hah rah.* The nose stick was *traw-raw'-ke.*

Some Indians made black marks on their faces, too. They cut their faces with a *kots* (obsidian) arrow point, and rubbed powdered charcoal in it. You white people call this tattoo. But I do not think the Chunut ever did this. They painted their face marks. For painting they used red, white, and black paint.

The black paint was called *sih'-mik.* We traded for it. It came from near Stokes Mountain. We used to burn it and grind it in a small mortar. It was black and shiny [graphite]. Some of the Indian doctors used the sihmik to paint for their dances, but I do not know just how they used it. That was their own business. When somebody died in our family we painted our cheeks under our eyes with sihmik and the *Chumlus* (Choom-loos) washed it off after the *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis).

The men used to paint their bows and arrows. They used red, white, and black. and some other color they got from berries. I never knew how to do that.

The old-time Chunut Indians once told me that they used to paint some of their baskets, too, but I never saw them. The old-time Chunut baskets were not nice like the Wukchumne baskets. We made them out of tules. We bought the mountain Indian baskets from the Indians who made them.

The Chunuts made fire with two sticks. They called them *toom.* One stick they held on the ground with their feet. The other they rolled between their hands. They called this rolling *wa-li'-uh.* When the sticks got hot they put ground dry tule dust in to make fire. They called this dust *pel-pel'-its.*

YOIMUT'S STORY
CHUNUT SONGS AND GAMES

My people had lots of songs and games. Sometimes there were two or three songs for each game. They had a nice smooth place at their village where somebody played games all the time. They had lots of fun.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

The people in each village were divided on two sides. They were divided in the family and in the village too. One side played against the other in the games.

One side was called *Tokelewits* (To-q'hell'-e-wits) and the other *Nutuwits* (Noo'-too-wits). The Tokelewits are on the west. At the big meetings they sit on the west. Their person is *Ahl'-wut,* the crow. The Nutuwits are on the east. At the big meetings they sit on the east. Their person is *Ki-yu,* the Coyote. I am a Tokelewits. My father was a Tokelewits. My mother was a Nutuwits. In all of the big games my father would be on my side. My mother would play against us.

When one side won at the Indian games their best players used to go away to play at other villages. Sometimes they went a long distance. My mother told me that players from *Nutunutu* (Noo-too'-noo-too) at Laton came to play where she was born at *Chaw-lo'-win* where Alpaugh is now. They came carrying heavy burden baskets with fish and their game things, shinny-stick, football and other things.

When some players winning for Kiyu, or for Crow, came back to their village they would be carrying the baskets on their backs. The baskets would be empty of food. They would sing as loud as they could when they were a long way off:

A-na' a-na' a-nin'-a kow'-kow.
(sung four times)
A-na'-na.

This song means like, "We won, we are here, we are hungry and we want to eat."

The people in their home village would be so glad they won. They would run out with something to eat and would throw presents in their empty baskets. If they lost, the players would sneak in quietly and go to bed.

My people played a game with bows and arrows and a ring called *waw'-poi-un.* They played on the smooth game ground by the village. They used bows made of elderberry wood and wooden pointed arrows. We called the bow *tah-tip,* and the arrows *tu'-yose.* They were the same used for hunting around camp.

The *Win-at'-un* [messenger for the chief] rolled the ring and the players stood at the side and shot at the ring as it went by. When he rolled the ring the Winatun called, *"He'-ahm tahn'-hin."* He meant, "Are you ready!" or, "Here it comes."

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

When they played for fun they did not keep the score. If they gambled they played ten or twenty points. The Winatun kept the score by marking on the ground with his toe.

The ring was made of tules. It was about twelve inches across. It had a hole about the size of my fist in the middle. It was wound tightly with tules. We make a point when an arrow hit the ring and stuck in it, not when it went through the hole in the center.

The Tulare Lake Indians had a football game, too. They called it *tahl'-wats*. For a football they used a burl from an ash tree. It was about as big as a baseball. We called the ball *aw'-lul tah-ow'-chit*.

Some Indians used a rock for a football. I heard that the Nutunutu did that. I never saw it. The wooden ball was heavy enough. We did not kick the ball. We caught our toes under it and threw it with our feet.

Two people played at once. They took the ball around a tree or a stake about two hundred yards from where they started. They called the goal *sick'-aht*. The players carried the ball around the outpost and back to the goal as fast as they could.

They went around the post in opposite directions. *Hipaets* (Hih-pa'-eets) the referee, ran along with them to see that they went around the outpost and that they did not touch the other person's ball. We kept the score with small sticks, which we called *we'-chet*.

The *Chunut* (Choo-noot) had a shinny game, too. We called that *Kats-le'-wits*. The *Wowol* (Wo'-wol) had another kind called *Kawm'-wats*. A lot of people played in that game. I saw all of the Tokelewits at *Sulawlahne* (Soo-law-lahn'-e) play against all the Nutuwits at one time in the Wowol game. I think there must be two hundred people in that game. My side, the Tokelewits, won.

In both shinny games we used a club made from the ash tree. The crooked part was made from the root. They made them nice and smooth and dried them in the fire. That made them good and strong. We called the shinny club *kah'-tahl*.

In the Chunut game we put the outpost about two hundred yards away from the goal stick. The goal stick we called *sick'-it*. The outpost we called *kaw-naw'-um wa'-uh* [the turning place]. It was a race between two teams. Each team had a ball. There were three or four players on each side. The

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

referee started them and kept the score. The game was over when one side was three turns ahead of the other.

Shinny was a rough game. Lots of people got hurt at it. They would get in front of the other ball and try to stop it and would get hit by it. The same ball was used for shinny that we used in football.

The players on each side did not all run together. One started the ball. He knocked it to a man about fifty yards away. That man knocked it to another. The farthest player took the ball around the post and knocked it back to the others. They knocked it back to the start. Good players did not have to run very much.

The Wowol played a different kind of shinny. I saw them play it. They called it *Kawm'-wats*. They had two goals about two hundred yards apart. One was to the west. It was called *too-qhell* and the Tokelewits took their ball to that side. The one at the east was called *naws'-to*. The Nutuwits took their ball to that side. The goals were two stakes, about two feet apart. To make a point the ball had to pass between the stakes. That made a game, unless they were gambling. Then they played three points ahead.

The Wowol started halfway between the goals. They buried the ball in loose dirt. They called the starting place *lo-kaw'-lah-tun*. Two men started the game. When the Hipaets called, "He'-ahm tahn'-hin," the two starters began to dig the ball out of the dirt with their clubs.

The Tokelewits got between the starters and the Nutuwits' goal. The Nutuwits got on the other side. As soon as the ball started, everyone ran after the ball and hit at it with their clubs. We had lots of fun at this game.

At the village play-ground the children and young men played another game called *I-ke'-wits*. They threw a long stick at a bundle of tules. The stick was about as high as your head. It had a sharp wooden point and feathers on the other end like an arrow.

The tules were tied tight into a bundle and one end buried in the ground. About one foot was out of the ground. It was a little bigger than your arm. We made a point when we stuck the stick in the tule bundle. We called the stick *i'-yuk*. We threw it about fifty feet. A game was twenty hits.

We played another game called *Guh-moom'-wits*. We used the stone that is round and has a hole in it like a doughnut. We

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 called the stone *Cuh-moom'-wum We'-ah* [thunder and lightning stone].
526 The Winatun rolled the stone on the village game place. He called out like he did for the start of the other games.

The players stood at one side like they did in the ring and arrow game. But they counted the points different. They had a point when the arrow went through the hole. Only the good hunters played this game. It was a gambling game.

The boys played another game with the same round stone. They set it on some loose dirt and shot arrows through it. They counted it the same as when they rolled it. I do not remember what they called this game.

159 The Chunut men had a long game to guess which hand they
524 had *Ahlewus* (Ah-le'-wus), the bone, in. They called the game Ahlewus, too. That was what the Wowol called it. The Chunut called it *Wa-luh'-wus*. I do not know the guessing game very well. Only men played it. The Wowol used only one bone to guess for. Some tribes used two bones, a white one and a black one. The men sat on the ground facing each other with a deer skin or a blanket on the ground between them. They put their hands behind them to hide the bone. Then they brought it in front, hidden in their hands.

The man on the other side tried to guess which hand the bone was in. If he guessed it was in the left hand one finger was pointed at the left hand. If he changed his mind quick he could point two fingers on the same hand. That meant the bone was in the other hand, in the one he was not pointing at. They kept count with small sticks, ten, I think. They sang a song with it, but I do not remember it. I only played that game once. We did not think it was nice for women to play that game.

Both the Wowol and Chunut women played a game with dice. They played it on a big tray made like a basket, called *ti'-won*. The game was called *Huchuish* (Hoo-choo'-ish). Four women played at one tiwon. They threw dice on the tiwon. The dice were made of walnut shells filled with pitch. They were numbered from one to eight by fastening beads or pieces of abalone shell into the pitch. Sometimes they were made of big acorn caps. The dice were called *hoo'-wawis*.

The Chunut used thirteen *we'-chet* [scoring sticks] to keep the count. When two women won all of the sticks twice in succession they won the game. The dice were gathered in the

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

hands and rolled out on the tiwon. When all flat sides were down they called *keel'-pah*. That counted four points. Two flat sides up counted one point and they called *pawn'-yo*. Three flat sides down were one point. This was called *yeat'-suh*. All flat sides up counted two points and they called *chahl'-ahl*. Two flat sides down or one up lost the dice and the other side took them. As they threw the dice they clapped their hands together and waved them back and forth above the rolling dice to make them come up right and called *e-lake'*.

There was a song that went with the Huchuish game but I have forgotten it. I never did play it much. I was too busy. I had to work too much. Sometimes the games would go two days. They gambled at it. Men never played it.

We children used to play a game at water tag called *Tuewats* (Too'-e-wats). We started out with one person called *Tue* (Too'-e). He had to catch the rest. You had to stay in the water or in a tree over the water. If you stepped on the dry ground you were Tue right away. Tue called, "*Too-yahl'-mum he-ahm*," meaning "Tag me if you can." As soon as Tue tagged one person that person had to help him catch the rest. It went that way until they all caught the last one.

We children played a coyote game, too. It was like an old story my mother used to tell me. It was called *Hih'-suh Na'-es*, just like the story. The Wowol called it *Hih'-ke*. *Kiyoo* was "it." He had to sit on the ground. He could not run around. He partway shut his eyes, but it was all right for him to peek. He was supposed to.

The other children would run around and around him and up close to him and then away. They were supposed to touch him if they could. If Kiyoo could reach out quick and catch one of them he had to sit on the ground behind Kiyoo like he was dead and wait until all were caught.

While the game was going on we all sang a little song over and over. It went

Hih'-suh Na'-es,
Hih'-suh Na'-es,
Hih'-suh Na'-es,
Wus'-wus.

The old Hihsuh Naes story went like this:

In the old days there were lots of little yellow birds that played in the tules and sunflowers around Tulare Lake. We called them *Taw-tawk'-its*. The white people called them gold-

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

539 finch. One of the birds would sit on *pahn*, the ground. He was "it" like in hide-and-go-seek. The others would peck at him.

A'-nis, my Grandfather, used to say that the Tawtawkits birds were playing an old game that was played by the old-time bird and animal *Yo'-kuts* [people] before the Indians came to California. One bird would sit on the ground and close its eyes. The rest would fly close to it. Then *Weutoi* (We'-oo-toi), the bird on the ground, would peck at them. If it pulled out *te-pit'-pil* [feathers], that bird must sit on pahn, the ground, beside it until all the rest of Weutoi, the birds, were caught. Then the game began all over.

Once, in the old days, the Tawtawkits were playing their game and *Ki'-yu*, the Coyote, came along. He said, "What are you people doing?"

The birds answered, "We are playing Hihsuh Naes."

"Let me play that game," said Kiyu.

Kiyu was *he-ow'-trah* [mean] and the birds were afraid to come near him. He shut his eyes only part way and said, "Come close to me. Come close to my nose. Do not be afraid. I will not hurt you. Come on." Soon Tawtawkits began fluttering about Kiyu's nose. Soon he snapped one from the air and swallowed it. Then he called again to the birds to come closer still.

Again Kiyu caught and ate a Tawtawkits. After the third bird had been eaten, the birds began to talk among themselves. They said, "Where did those other birds go? They are not on the ground beside Kiyu. Kiyu is heowtrah. He must have eaten them." So Tawtawkits would not play with Kiyu any more.

Kiyu still wanted to play, but finally he went on along a trail until he came to *lah'-pah*, the cotton tree. He sat down under lahpah to rest. He saw *top'-top*, the leaf, come fluttering down. Then two more came whirling down. "I can do that," said Kiyu. He climbed up high in the tree and jumped to the ground. He fell on his face and was killed, *Kiyu tow'-it-se* [coyote is dead].

159 533 My people had lots of songs. Once I knew almost all of them. My mother used to sing them. Now I remember only a few. The one I remember best was called *Wih-la'-litch We'-peh*, the lizard song. The little white-grey lizard of *Chaw-law'-win*, the plains, sang this song. *Wihlalitch* was an *Ahn'-troo* Doctor, but he wanted to be *Trip'-ne* [supernatural].

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 533 539

Wihlalitch sang over and over:

O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne
(I am supernatural)
O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne

Tim'-tim, the bat, heard Wihlalitch singing. He was jealous because he wanted to be Tripne, too. So he sang back:

O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
Nah-ah'-hah Trip-ih-ne

The song of *Tim-tim*, the bat, meant, "You are not magic. You are of the ground. I am magic. I am of the air."

YOIMUT'S STORY

YOKUTS LAKE LIFE

159 103 361 587

When I was about ten years old my mother married again. Her husband had relatives at *Waiu*, the village where Santa Rosa Rancheria is now near Armona, at the Tejon Ranch, and at Tule River Reservation. My mother did not want to stay at *Soo-law-lahn'-ne* on the "Fish" Rice ranch any longer, so we all went over to Armona.

159 361

This was while the soldiers were at Visalia and the white people were having a big war. My stepfather's brother had two small horses and a little wagon. He worked for Mr. Rice for two or three years to buy them. He took us to Armona. We all stayed at Armona for about one month.

[578]

None of us liked it at Armona then. There were lots of *Tachi* there and we knew it was their place and that we did not belong there. So my stepfather and his brother took us to the lake to fish and camp for awhile.

159 166 361

We drove to the mouth of Cross Creek. There about six of us, my mother and stepfather, my brother *Weh'-pees*, myself, my stepfather's brother and an Indian who belonged at Armona. We camped at Cross Creek for a week. Then we moved around to the Buzzard's Roost. This was a real old *Chunut* village where my mother had once lived for a few months when she was first married. I am not sure about the name of this place, but it was either *Heuumne* (He-oo-um'-ne) or *Chuntow* (Choon'-tow). Both places were close together. I think it was Heuumne.

[103]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 166 361 This was a fine place to camp. I have been there since and know it was close to the Artesia school house where the steamboat used to land. The white people built a big canal right by the camp and Mr. Sweet had a slaughter house there the last time I was there.

[342] There used to be a big village there, so my mother told me. When we went there we saw lots of old, tumble-down dirt houses. I never saw any other dirt houses. Two of those houses were good, so we put our things in them.

We had a fine time at this place and my mother and step-father decided to make a home there and stay there all of the time. There were lots of fish in the creek and the lake was right close, I think not more than a half mile away. The village had belonged to my father's people, so we thought we had a right to stay there.

[251] My step-father and his brother caught lots of fish and we dried the meat. We fixed up the two dirt houses so we could live in them and we all felt as happy as could be. There were no other Indians there but the ones I told about.

159 166 648 We were at the camp about three months, until summer was almost over. Then some men came along gathering cattle. It was Pat Murray from Porterville and some of his vaqueros. He camped there for two or three days.

Pat Murray was mad at us. He told us we would have to get out and stay out. There was a Tule River Indian with Murray. He was a vaquero. He told us that Murray would kill us if we did not get out. He said that Murray was afraid we would kill his cattle.

We had not killed any of the cattle. There were lots of them around the Buzzard's Roost, but we had not killed even a calf. We would never kill them.

We felt very bad about this. Murray went away and we stayed about one week more. We felt so bad we did not talk to each other for two or three days. Then my step-father talked. He had been out fishing with his brother and when he came in he said they had decided to go to the Tejon ranch where some of his people lived.

I have always been sorry that we left Henuumne, because Mr. Blankenship told us afterward that we did not have to leave. He said that Pat Murray had no right to run us off. He did not own that place. Mr. Blankenship said that we should

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

have gone to see Mr. Crossmore, who had the right to that place. But we never knew it then, so we left.

The three men and my mother had worked about a week making a tule boat to fish from. We children had helped by carrying tules. It was a real good boat. They had fished from it a lot. The boat was about twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. It was made of tules like the old-time Indians used to make them. They made it on the ground at the edge of the water. We called it *Tutoi* (too'-toi).

The tules were just tied into small bundles as long as the boat and about six inches through at the middle. The ends were pointed. A lot of these tule bundles were tied together. They made a big boat about three feet high. I think it took about twenty small bundles.

An extra bundle was tied along the top on each side so things would not lose off of the boat. The ends of the tule boat were higher than the middle.

In the middle of the boat a hole was made to spear fish through. It was a small hole about a foot across. We called it *kot-la'-um*. At the front end of the boat was a hole where they put the fish and ducks they caught out on the lake. It was about three feet square and a half foot deep. The men used to bring this place in full of fish and ducks. This hole was lined with tules woven together like a basket. We called it *traw-trawk'-oi*.

At the back end of the boat was another hole filled with mud. They built a fire on this mud and cooked fish and ducks while they were out on the lake. We called the fireplace *tri-ahn'-cut*.

Sometimes they stayed out on the lake fishing for three or four days. When they stayed out a long time on the raft they used to cut the fish open and smoke them over the fire and lay them on the raft to dry. When they came in the fish were almost dried. They used to cut the meat off the ducks and dry it the same way. They used long poles to move the raft around. We called these poles *iyahish* (i-yah'-ish).

When they came in with the boat we would all help to pull it up on the bank to dry out. When it would dry out it was very light. This boat carried all of us very easily. I think it would have taken that many more people.

Finally my stepfather changed his mind. He decided to go across the lake on the boat to *Chaw-lo'-win* on Atwell's Island.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159
166 Some *Wowol* Indians at Armona told us that some Wowol were
484 living again on Atwell's Island. So we were going to them
361 across the lake on our boat.

If we went around with the team we had to leave our boat
159 and take the Tachi Indian home. So my step-father's brother
166 took the Tachi home and then took the team and wagon around
484 to the mouth of Deer Creek, where we were to meet him about a week later.

I remember that we got ready to go and then my step-father waited two or three days for the north wind to blow. He wanted to go straight across the lake and our poles were too short to push the boat across the deep water. My step-father's brother took most of our camp things in the wagon. We had a light load on the boat, only a few blankets and some lunch. We could catch fish and ducks along the way and cook them on the boat. When the ducks saw some tules like a boat out on the lake they always flew down and landed on the water beside it. They thought that where there were tules the water was not
[223] deep and they could dive to the bottom and feed. While they were diving it was easy to hide under the tules and shoot them with bow and arrows.

One afternoon we could see a dust cloud in the north and west, so we pushed the tule boat into the water and put our things on it. My stepfather and mother pushed the boat out into the lake with their poles and we all four started.

159 The boat was covered high with dry tules. It did not look
166 like a boat at all. The wind blew against the tules and carried
484 us right in the direction we wanted to go. The tules were like
501 the sails you white people used on the lake afterward, but we did not put up any poles to hold them. They were just piled up high on the front end of the boat so that end would go ahead.

I think we must have left Heuumne about two o'clock in the afternoon. The boat went fast and took us by the east side of the lake, close to the tules. We could reach the bottom with our poles all of the time. By dark the wind was blowing the hardest we had ever seen it on the lake. The waves were higher than the sides of the boat and we were all afraid. I remember that the front end of the boat kept going under the water. My step-father put all of us on the back end of the boat but that did not stop it. We moved a lot of the tules on the back end. But then the boat turned around in the water and almost tipped over when it was crossways.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Soon it was dark and we were all cold and wet. It was just as wet on the boat as if we were in the lake. We could all swim, but we were afraid all of the time, because the water was about seven feet deep and the rough water would drown us if we fell in it. So we stayed awake all night and shivered and held on to each other.

When it got daylight we could not see the land in any way. We could see the Kettleman Hills and the Sierra, but we were away out in the middle of the lake. The water was too deep to reach bottom with our poles. The wind was all gone, so we had to wait.

We stayed out there all day. It looked like we stood right still. I guess we did. There were lots of fish under the boat. My stepfather speared lots of nice ones. We could look down through kotlaum, the spearing hole, and see nothing but fish.

It was hot in the daytime, so we all got dry and warm. We made a fire and cooked fish, using the loose dry tules to burn. We were not hungry and we were not afraid any more, but we did not see how we were ever going to get to land. We stayed there all of that day and that night. It was a nice moonlight night and very pretty on the water. My mother told stories and sang for us almost all night and we had a good time.

When it came daylight again we could just see the tules on Chawlowin. But the tule boat looked like it was just standing still. My stepfather could just reach the bottom with our longest pole. We stayed out there all day again, and we got pretty tired of it. By dark my stepfather and my mother could use the poles on the bottom and they worked almost all night pushing the raft toward Chawlowin. By daylight we could see the land about a half mile away. Almost as soon as we could see, a heavy wind started up and in a few minutes the boat hit the bottom about one hundred yards from the tules.

Before we could get off the boat three or four men waded out to meet us. One of them was my mother's brother. We were very glad to see him. The men helped us to the shore and then they began to push the boat around to the west where they had a camp. It took all the rest of the day to get it around there.

We walked along the lake to the camp through a narrow trail in the high tules. Sometimes the water came up to our knees. The north wind was blowing hard again and that made the water come in on the land.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 My mother found almost all of her relations there at Chawlowin. Her brother had his family there and two or three of her uncles were there, too. They had all come back to that camp from Tule River Reservation, where the soldiers had taken them from Tejon Ranch. They wanted to stay at their old home. These people did not go back to the old village at the 648 mouth of Deer Creek and White River because they were afraid the soldiers would come back and get them. They were hid in the tules in *tumlus* (toom'-loos) houses at the north side of the Island.

In a few days my stepfather's brother came to the camp. He had left his team and wagon on the land east of Chawlowin where he could look after them once in a while.

159 The tumlus house was a quick house to make. They cut it in the green tules. We lived in one of these houses about three 342 months, until it was too cold to stay any longer. They were good houses when the north wind did not blow. Then we used to wake up with water in our beds. We would have to go to the higher ground until the water went back. The water in the lake got lower all of the time, so when we left Chawlowin it did not come in the tumlus houses any more.

159 We could not get anything to eat but meat and fish and tule roots at Chawlowin. We had lots of fish. Some of the 262 men caught ducks in a string net on the end of a pole. That was 223 hard to do. They did it when the north wind was blowing. Then the ducks flew very slow against the wind, close to the tops of the tules. The hunter sat on a wooden seat almost at the top of the tules.. He had tules tied around him so that the ducks could not see him. Once my mother's brother caught a duck in his hands that way.

They caught ducks in the water with strings, too, but I do not know how they did it. I saw them take the ducks out of the strings, but I never saw them put the strings there. The men always did that.

159 Once in a while the men killed an elk at Chawlowin. There were more there than on the land outside the lake in those days. 224 They shot the elk with bow and stone pointed *kots* [obsidian] [418] arrows. The arrows had a short loose wood point.

When they shot the elk it ran and rubbed against the tules to pull the arrow out. The back part fell out, but the front end stayed in. The hunters followed the elk. After awhile the elk was so sick they could catch him and kill him. I heard of the

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

old-time Indians catching elk with a rope like a reata fastened to an oak tree. They bent a limb down to hold the rope. I never saw that, but I am sure they did it.

Once, while we were at Chawlowin, we caught *sah'-pahl* [jack rabbits]. We called the drive *How'-sik Ho-ah'-mah.* There were only about fifty of us to help, but we caught about three hundred rabbits. I helped with two or three other drives near Armona, too. We went to the land east of Chawlowin to catch the rabbits. Most of us just waded across. The water was just up to our waist at the deepest place.

There were thousands of jack rabbits in the brush around the lake. We could see at least three hundred in the open places at one time. We drove them toward the net and made a close line to hold them. Everybody had a stick to throw at the rabbits. We called it *wah-traw'-he.* It was not crooked. It was almost straight. We killed lots of the rabbits with the sticks before they got to the net. When we threw the stick it whirled around and broke their legs if they were running. It was easy to kill jack rabbits with wahtrawhe if you got close to them. Sometimes they would sit quiet until you were right close. If you looked close you would see them and hit them before they jumped up.

When the rabbits got close to the net two or three men ran in with their clubs and killed them. The rest of us stood close together and kept them from running away.

The rabbits were skinned and the meat dried. We did this on the land east of the lake before we went back to Chawlowin. Dried rabbit meat was good with salt from salt grass on it. The skins we cut up to make blankets and capes.

There were lots of fish in Tulare Lake. The one we liked best was *a'-pis,* a big lake trout. They were real big fish, as big as any salmon, and good meat. There was another called *took'-mun.* I think the white people called it chub. It was not a very good fish.

One of the lake fish was *pahl-hoo'-ish.* It was the one you call sucker. Sometimes the steel-heads came in the lake too; so did the salmon. We called the steel heads *tah-wah'-aht* and the salmon *ki'-uh-khot.* We dried lots of fish. When it was dried and smoked, the salmon was the best. We ate salt grass salt with the dried fish. That made it good.

Another great big fish used to come in the lake sometimes. I remember that we caught one at Heuumne when the water was

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

low in the creek. We called it *caw'-cuts*. White people call it sturgeon.

While we were at Chawlowin some white men put cattle on the island. The water was low and they drove them across from the east. There were hogs there already, but they were wild. As soon as the white people found out we were there we began to have trouble. The tules were getting dry and we were afraid the white people would burn us out. So we all left. My mother and stepfather took us to Tejon Ranch. We went in his brother's little wagon.

YOIMUT'S STORY
OUR LAST HOME

From *Chaw-lo'-win*, where Alpaugh is now, we went to the Indian camp above the Tejon Ranch house. There were about two hundred Indians there. Some of them were *Wowol* (Wo'-wol) and two *Chumut* (Choo'-noot) who were related to my mother.

My mother had been at Tejon Ranch when she was first married. It was before the soldiers took her from Tulare Lake to the Fresno River Reservation. She was at Tejon about six months, I think. It was called Fort Tejon then. It was not up in the canyon where the Indians are now, or in Grapevine Canyon where the Los Angeles highway is now. It was about three or four miles west of the ranch house, on a creek below the hills.

The soldiers lived in tents close to the Indians. I am sure of this. My mother showed me the place and told me all about it. That is the place they called Fort Tejon then. It was not up in the mountains. The Indians raised some crops of wheat there close to the hills.

When I was at Tejon Ranch we stayed up in the canyon. My stepfather worked on the Tejon Ranch for a while, but none of us liked it there. The Indians there did not talk our language.

There were more of our people at Tule River Reservation, so we decided to go there. The people at Tejon Ranch wanted the Indians to go to Tule River. Some went before we did. We drove along the foothills in the same little wagon we had brought from the Armona village.

My mother and some of the other Indians told me about the old *Tulamni* (Too-lahm'-ne) village at the end of the hills by the west side of Buena Vista Lake. The Indians had lots of fights with the Spanish there.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

An old Tulamni Indian named *Ko'-ko* was living at Tule River while we were there. He was a real old man when I was a little girl. He could see only a little. He liked to tell about the old times. He told us many stories about the old timers, but I have forgotten most of them. Koko told us that the Spanish killed lots of Indians in the tules at Tulamni. A long time after the Spanish left they kept finding dead Indians out in the tules.

Sahkehel (Sah-ke'-heel) was another old Tulamni Indian who lived at Tule River. I knew him very well. He was at Tulamni when the Spanish came. He fought against them. He said that the old Tulamni chief sent as far as the Tule River to get Indians to come and help fight the Spanish. They had several battles and the priests came and stopped the fighting. They said that the Spanish and the Indians must be friends. Then they took lots of the Indians to the Missions. Sahkehel was taken to Mission Santa Ynez and lived with a lot of Santa Barbara Indians. Then he went to Mission San Fernando. He was about sixteen years old.

Sahkehel did not call the old place *Too-lahm-ne-oo'*, like you white people call it.. He called it just *Too-lahm'-ne*. He called those Indians *Too-lahl-me'-nah*. That meant "from Tulamni".

I knew Sahkehel until he died, when he was more than 100 years old and heard him tell these things again after I was married. He told me that he was at Los Angeles two years and that the Indians called that place *Yah'-now*.

Sahkehel told us that the Indian name for San Fernando was *Wy-seel*, which meant running. After he was grown he came to the Tejon ranch to work for General Beale. He worked there a long time. He was a *Capitan* (Kop-e-tahn') among the Indians for General Beale. The Indians called him *General* (Hen-er-ahl'). The lady that Sahkehel married was from Tulamni, too. She had been taken to Mission San Miguel and was baptized Marcelina. Her Indian name was *He-aw'-mut*. I knew her a long time. She told me the same things about the Indian battles at Tulamni.

At Tule River we lived just a little way above the Reservation headquarters. There were lots of our people there. We liked it there and stayed for about two years. Then we went back to Sulawlahne at the "Fish" Rice ranch south of Farmersville. There were only a few Indians there. Some of them worked for "Fish" Rice. We stayed there until I was about

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 166 361 fourteen years old. Then my stepfather took us back to Kings River.

While we were at the "Fish" Rice ranch the last time, I helped the Indians there catch some antelopes. It was the last time they ever caught antelopes that way. We held the *Tahduwusk* (Tah'-doo-woosk) surround on Outside Creek 159 where the road now goes from Tulare to Lindsay. One or two 224 of our men went out in the field near the antelopes and lay down on their backs. They fastened pieces of cloth to their feet and kicked them in the air.

The antelopes ran 'round and 'round, looking at the cloths the two men were waving. Each time they came closer. While they did this our people came in from all ways and made an Indian fence around them. They came up close to the antelopes. Then the two men in the middle began shooting and killed about ten before we let them go.

159 One of our men did not get enough meat. His name was *Wahcoy* (Wah'-coy). The next day he went back alone to kill 224 some antelopes for himself. He fixed an antelope skin with 165 the head and horns on it and put it over his head and back. Wahcoy sneaked along the creek to a place where the antelopes came in to drink. Then he walked out on his hands and knees in the grass toward the antelopes.

Two white men were hid in the same creek about one hundred yards away. They were hunting antelopes, too. They saw the Indian. They thought he was an antelope and shot him. The man who shot him was Hi Willis. Hi Willis was a young man. He lived were the white people have Mooney Grove now. His father owned that ranch.

Hi Willis brought Wahcoy's body to our camp at Sulawlahne. Wahcoy lived with his father and mother right next to our house. He was shot through the chest below the right shoulder. He did not die right away when they shot him. He told them where to take him.

Some of the Indians thought that Hi Willis shot Wahcoy on purpose, but I think he thought Wahcoy was an antelope all right. It was easy to make that mistake. But our people decided not to hunt any more antelope. There was only a little bunch left out there anyway. The white people killed the rest of them.

159 The Indians at Sulawlahne called Elk Bayou *Traw'-it.* I 103 used to know the names for all of the creeks, but I have for-
361

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

gotten them. That village, *Che'-oo-tak*, I think was the one on Cameron Creek three or four miles north of Tulare, not south. I heard lots of times about an old place there, right close to where the railroad crosses now, but I am not sure about the name.

Finally we got tired of staying at "Fish" Rice ranch. We wanted to go back to Tulare Lake. We went back three or four times for visits when we could ask somebody to let us go on their land. But we never got a chance to stay there. Our good friends did not have any land on the lake.

We went over to Kings River and camped near the Ezra ranch. They were always good to us and we felt right to stay there.. We have lived along Kings River, at the Santa Rosa Rancheria, and on the ranches where we worked ever since.

My mother died, and I got married and now I live with my daughter. There are lots of things I forgot about how my people lived. I speak Spanish and English, Wowol and Chunut. Then I know *Tachi, Nutunutu, Wachikit, Wukchumne, Yaudanchi, Koyeti* and some others. So I have to forget some of my old Chunut things.

The Chunut had a story about how the world was made. I never knew all of it. I heard it lots of times, too. The world was all water at first. *Chukuko*, (Choo-koo'-ko) the diver duck, and *Trawm'-cawt*, the turtle, got the mud from the bottom of the water to make the world.

Chukuko tried to get the mud and Trawmcawt helped him. The mud was thrown around to make the world. *Ki'-yoo* (Coyote), *We-itch* (Condor) and *We-ha'-sit* (Mountain Lion) were about the first people made. That is about all I remember. I am sorry I forgot it.

We called the Milky Way *Yo-hote'-sool*. It is the white place in the sky made in a race between antelope and deer.

On Kern River a big mountain is split through. Once *Wahl'-wut* (Canvasback Duck) ran a race with *Lim'-ik* (Prairie Falcon). Limik cut right through the mountain and won the race.

When we saw red clouds at sunset we used to say that it would not rain the next day.

I forgot lots about the seeds and how the Indians fixed them. They made a tea from the mint which grew in the water and from the peppermint from the mountains. They also made tea from sycamore bark. They drank it and put it on sores.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 825 854 To make a little baby strong we used to get fat from a turtle and rub it on all of his joints. That made them strong. We used turtle fat because he can run and swim as soon as he comes out of the egg. We called the fat *hin'-kah*. To make a little baby stand up we put a soap root brush in the fire so the ends glowed. Then we touched it against his knees. He would straighten his legs and stand up.

159 352 854 My people did not make their baby cradles like the Wukchumne did. They made most of them of tules. They were nice and soft for the baby. I think they were better, too. We made another cradle of a forked stick with small sticks fastened across it. It was covered with tules when we put the baby on it.

159 854 We kept a piece of *kuts* (koots, soapstone) hanging on the baby cradle to use when we changed the baby. We scraped powder from it to put on the baby. It was the same as your talcum powder. We called this cradle-stone *me-ha'-te*.

159 361 From the time I was a girl I knew lots of old Tachi. I heard them talk about the West Side and I remember a few things over there. The Polvardera, southeast of Coalinga, was called *Sawkeu* (Saw-ke'-oo). There was good water there. The Indians camped there to hunt antelope.

There used to be an old Tachi village called *Wahl'-muh* on the west side of Tulare Lake. I knew the last chief at that place. He was an old uncle of old "Lemoore Bob" who used to dance.

[103] The Poso Chaná was called *We'-kit Le'-wis*. It meant Pieces Cut. Four ridges ran up to the hills from the place. They looked like they had been cut out with a knife. The water at Poso Chaná was not as good as at Sawkeu. It was a little salty.

159 439 The Indian traders used to meet at the Poso Chaná to trade with the coast Indians. *Kahn'-te* was the oldest chief of the Tachi I ever knew. He used to have charge of the trading. He told me all about it and taught me his song. I have always remembered it. Lots of other old-time Tachi told me about it, too.

The bead and seashell traders from the coast met the Tachi traders at Poso Chaná. The Tachi and the other Indians would not let the people from the west come right up to the lake. They were afraid they would learn how to get things without trading.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

The people who wanted to trade carried their things in baskets on their backs. They had to have their *Teah* (Te'-ah), chief with them. When they came up to trade they marched up in a straight line from each side. The Teah was in front.

When the two parties got close to each other they all took hold of the basket straps at the sides of their heads and swung from side to side, singing:

Ho-hoo'-hoo Yoo-'nah
(sung five times)
Hah-ha'

He-ke'-mah was the name of that song. That was the name of the trade too.

When the song was done each one took his basket down and spread his things on the ground in front of him. The rows of things were about ten feet apart. Then the trade started. The Teahs did all of the talking for their people. They talked to each other and agreed how much each could have. It was all done by rules.

Kahnte told me that his people used to trade off fish, *kots* [obsidian], salt grass salt, and some seeds. Sometimes they traded *kuts* (koots, soapstone) beads. They brought back shell beads and sea shells, *Traw'-neck* [abalone], *Cawm-sool* [clam], and *Caw'-sool* [olivella, or periwinkle]. Kahnte told me about a funny dried thing that one of his men got in a trade. I know now it was a star fish.

In the old days the Indians who lived by the lakes got their drinking water from the lakes. Around the edge of the lakes the water was muddy and hot. The Indian women used to take a basket and wade out into the lakes until the water was about four feet deep. Then they sunk the basket to the bottom upside down. Then they turned the basket over and filled it. The water at the bottom was lots cooler than on top and it tasted lots better, too.

Now Tulare Lake is dry. My old people told me that once it dried up a long time ago. The creeks all dried up too. My people had to go to their friends at the hills. Some of them went up Deep creek. They almost died before they got water about where Farmersville is now.

You ask me, "Will Tulare Lake ever fill up again?" I got only one thing to say. Yes. It will fill up full and everybody living down there will have to go away. I like to see that time myself. [it filled again in 1938]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

I am the last full-blood Chunut left. My children are part Spanish. I am the only one who knows the whole Chunut or Wowol language. When I am gone no one will have it. I have to be the last one.

All my life I want back our good old home on Tulare Lake. But I guess I can never have it. I am a very old Chunut [eighty-five years] now and I guess I can never see the old days again.

Now my daughter and her Mexican husband work in the cotton fields around Tulare and Waukena. Cotton, cotton, cotton, that is all that is left. Chunuts cannot live on cotton. They cannot sing their old songs and tell their old stories where there is nothing but cotton. My children feel foolish when I sing my songs. But I sing anyway:

Toke'-uh lih'-muh *Wa'-tin-hin nah yo'*
(west side) (show me the straight path)
Hi-yo-um'-ne *a-he* *oo-nook* *mi-uh'-wah*
(my home (this is I) (the charm stone) (over you)
Indian village)

That is all. [Yoimut died in Hanford in 1933.]

THE END OF THE TRAIL

In leaving the topic of Yokuts Indians, which has been presented upon these pages in a rather informal manner, it is perhaps best that a brief summary be made of Indian character itself and of some things which vitally concern those Indians who still survive.

One of the alleged Indian characteristics is that of improvidence. It is claimed that the Indians generally do not look to the future and are not able to carry themselves through from season to season without being in want. How generally true this may have been in primeval days, I have no way of knowing. I do know, however, that those Yokuts Indians who still remained suffered less during the recent depression than many of their white neighbors. Their services were much in demand, they worked almost every day, and commanded the highest wages of all common laborers in their territory. It is not meant that they had the finest automobile in the locality, nor that they lived in the finest house, because they certainly did not. They had no automobile, and they camped under the trees, using tents and brush shelters, but they were comfortable and happy and were well supplied with provisions.

6: Gayton E-5 (1925-1928) 1930
NS29 Yokuts NS29

Joe Pohot, a Wukchumni informant, described his own experience from poisoning as follows. 754 159

Once in the fall of the year Joe got poisoned by some old people who didn't like him. He was shearing sheep near Woodlake (Wukchumni territory). He was sleeping with Sam Garfield and his father at their camp, but they didn't do him any harm. It was somebody else. One morning he awoke to find finger prints on his right forearm and left thigh. These parts began to swell. He went out to work but had to stop after shearing only two sheep. He went over to sit in the shade. The other men at work laughed at him. He got worse continually; he could hardly move. Finally everyone left to go to dinner. Joe couldn't move from where he was. Soon Sam Osborn came along. Seeing Joe he asked him what was the trouble with him. He got some food and a horse and helped him over to Antelope valley where his grandmother and Mollie Lawrence were living. When they reached the camp no one was at home, but Sam had to go on his way. Joe went off to the swamp to find his relatives. He fell into the mud and lay there. He does not remember much here except that his grandmother and Mollie found him and got him home in a wagon.

For one year Joe stayed there too sick to get up; his arm and leg were swollen up and useless. His grandfather had been away. When the old man returned he saw Joe's condition; he told him that someone had grabbed him and put poison on him. The old man gave Joe a steaming. He first got some eagle tallow which was dropped on a hot stone while Joe sat over it wrapped in a blanket. Next he steamed him with a basket of hot water in which tadad (a plant, unidentified) had been soaked. The water was kept boiling with hot stones. Joe remained under the blanket as long as he could stand it. Then he drank some of the decoction. The next morning he was nearly cured but his leg remained drawn up in a crippled fashion. 754 755 159

He stayed crippled a long time. In the meantime his grandfather died. A shaman came by their way. He said he could cure Joe. This doctor had an eagle down rope which he dipped in water and rubbed under Joe's knee; he blew in there too. This caused the joint to open sufficiently for him to get his mouth in to suck. The doctor made a small cut with a piece of glass. He sucked at the wound and got out a lump that looked like a lot of string wrapped around blood. He made a second cut and sucked out another smaller lump. These objects were buried in the ash heap.

The doctor was paid about fifty dollars, thirty of which was in cash, the rest in baskets and blankets. The doctor told Joe that he was going to leave him his own good health, as he himself was going to die soon because he had cured a man that some other doctor had sickened. The doctor did die about a year later. Joe was saved from poisoning a few times after that by waking up in time. [756]

To return to Motsa, the evil Tachi chief, it was largely by the use of poisons that he injured members of his locality, though he possessed some supernatural power. The following account of his life and activities gives us an outward picture of the man's inimical attitude toward his fellowmen. The inward picture of his psychology can only be inferred. 622 754